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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1858.

LITERATURE

The Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford.
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Chronologically arranged. Vols. III. to
VIII. (Bentley.)

ALMOST enough was said in our notice [*Athen.* No. 1546] of the earlier volumes of this edition of Walpole's Letters, to absolve us from the duty of remarking on the chances how far future English scholars will regard them as the book which must be referred to when any Horace to come wishes to know the heart and the mind and the surroundings of a Horace who is gone—almost, yet not quite; one word more is demanded. Are there no letters in print of Horace Walpole to Madame du Deffand? The one, for instance, in which he pressed on "his dear, blind, old woman" the use of his purse, by way of repairing the dilapidations of her fortune, with the words "*Ma petite, j'insiste*?" Our question is not asked against the Editor, but for Horace Walpole, who (because he was a wit) has enjoyed, beyond most past celebrities, the reputation of being partly a cynic, partly a fribble, partly a cold sentimentalist,—yet whose life and doings, if looked into, compared, collated, and set out, might possibly disclose a story somewhat different.

At least, on looking over the six volumes which have been published since our former notice, they seem anew to justify our notion of his having been a man with a shrewd eye, an impulsive brain, an inventive imagination, a sharp tongue, a fine pen, and a warm heart. The new letters here published to Mr. Grosvenor Bedford are of small literary interest; but the amount of anonymous guineas sent to "the desolate and oppressed" which they indicate is significant in no common degree. Then, there is the letter to Walpole's niece, the Duchess of Gloucester, which seems to us a rare and classical example of the union of dignity and courtesy. Blood Royal's *appendage* (such was Duchess Maria) had, it seems, taken some affront at what Horace had done in omitting (or forgetting) certain family portraits from his Strawberry gallery. She had remonstrated in the style "*By command*." His response to the exigent woman—at once courtly, delicate, but independent—is of its kind a masterpiece of courtly self-assertion.

We could go further—much further—in filling up the outline offered from these volumes of a kindly and benignant figure, and have a word or two further to add on questions pertaining, less to character and temperament than to Art and Letters; meanwhile, the reader will be better contented to hear Walpole than the critics. Here is a capital letter from the Fourth Volume, published (we are assured) for the first time, dated from Paris, so characteristically exhibiting its writer's regard for his "dear, blind, old woman," that it is not to be resisted:—

"To James Crawford, Esq.

"Paris, March 6, 1786.

"You cannot conceive, my dear Sir, how happy I was to receive your letters, not so much for my own sake as for Madame du Deffand's. I do not mean merely from the pleasure your letter gave her, but because it wipes off the reproaches she has undergone on your account. They have at once twitted her with her partiality for you, and your indifference. Even that silly Madame de la Valière has been quite rude to her on your subject. You will not be surprised; you saw a good deal of their falsehood and spite, and I have seen much more. They have not only the faults common to the human heart, but that additional meanness and

malice which is produced by an arbitrary Government, under which the subjects dare not look up to anything great. The King has just thunderstruck the Parliament, and they are all charmed with the thought that they are still to grovel at the foot of the throne—but let us talk of something more meritorious. Your good old woman wept like a child, with her poor no eyes as I read your letter to her. I did not wonder; it is kind, friendly, delicate and just—so just that it vexes me to be forced so continually to combat the goodness of her heart, and destroy her fond visions of friendship. Ah! but, said she at last, he does not talk of returning! I told her, if anything could bring you back, or me either, it would be desire of seeing her. I think so of you, and I am sure so of myself. If I had staid here still, I have learnt nothing but to know them more thoroughly. Their barbarity and injustice to our good old friend is indescribable: one of the worst is just dead, Madame de Lambert—I am sure you will not regret her. Madame de Forcalquier, I agree with you, is the most sincere of her acquaintances, and incapable of doing as the rest do—eat her suppers when they cannot go to a more fashionable house, laugh at her, abuse her, nay, try to raise her enemies among her nominal friends. They have succeeded so far as to make that unworthy old dotard the President treat her like a dog. Her nephew, the Archbishop of Toulouse, I see, is not a jot more attached to her than the rest, but I hope she does not perceive it so clearly as I do; Madame de Choiseul I really think wishes her well; but perhaps I am partial. The Princess de Beauveau seems very cordial too, but I doubt the Prince a little. You will forgive these details about a person you love; and have so much reason to love; nor am I ashamed of interesting myself exceedingly about her. To say nothing of her extraordinary parts, she is certainly the most generous friendly being upon earth—but neither these qualities nor her unfortunate situation touch her unworthy acquaintance. Do you know that she was quite angry about the money you left for her servants? Viar would by no means touch it, and when I tried all I could to obtain her permission for their taking it, I prevailed so little, that she gave Viar five louis for refusing it. So I shall bring you back your draft, and you will only owe me five louis, which I added to what you gave me to pay for the two pieces of china at Dulac's, which will be sent to England with mine. Well! I have talked too long on Madame du Deffand, and neglected too long to thank you for my own letter: I do thank you for it, my dear Sir, most heartily and sincerely. I feel all your worth and all the gratitude I ought, but I must preach to you as I do to your friend. Consider how little time you have known me, and what small opportunities you have had of knowing my faults. I know them thoroughly; but to keep your friendship within bounds, consider my heart is not like yours, young, good, warm, sincere, and impatient to bestow itself. Mine is worn with the baseness, treachery, and mercenariness I have met with. It is suspicious, doubtful, and cooled. I consider everything round me but in the light of amusement, because if I looked at it seriously, I should detest it. I laugh that I may not weep. I play with monkeys, dogs, or cats, that I may not be devoured by the beast of the Gevaudan. I converse with Mesdames de Mirepoix, Boufflers, and Luxembourg, that I may not love Madame du Deffand too much—and yet they do not make me love her the more. But don't love me, pray don't love me. Old folks are but old women, who love their last lovers as much as they did their first. I should still be liable to believe you, and I am not at all of Madame du Deffand's opinion, that one might as well be dead as not love somebody. I think one had better be dead than love anybody. Let us compromise this matter; you shall love her, since she likes to be loved, and I will be the confidant. We will do any thing we can to please her. I can go no farther—I have taken the veil, and would not break my vow for the world. If you will converse with me through the grate at Strawberry Hill, I desire no better; but not a word of friendship; I feel no more than if I professed it. It is paper

credit, and like all other bank-bills, sure to be turned into money at last. I think you would not realize me, but how do you, or how do I know, that I should be equally scrupulous? The Temple of Friendship, like the ruins in the Campo Vaccino, is reduced to a single column at Stowe. Those dear friends have hated one another, till some of them are forced to love one another again—and as the cracks are soldered by hatred, perhaps that cement may hold them together. You see my opinion of friendship: it would be making you a fine present to offer you mine! Your Ministers may not know it, but the war has been on the point of breaking out here between France and England, and upon a cause very English, a horse-race. Lord Forbes and Lauragais were the champions: they rode, but the second lost, his horse being ill, it died that night, and the surgeons on opening it swore it was poisoned. The English suspect that a groom, who I suppose had been reading Livy or Demosthenes, poisoned it on patriotic principles, to ensure victory to his country. The French, on the contrary, think poison as common as oats or beans, in the stables at Newmarket. In short, there is no impertinence they have not uttered, and it has gone so far, that two nights ago it was said that the King had forbidden another race which is appointed for Monday, between the Prince de Nassau and a Mr. Forth, to prevent national animosities. On my side I have tried to stifle these heats, by threatening them that Mr. Pitt is coming into the Ministry again, and it has had some effect. This event has confirmed what I discovered early after my arrival, that the Anglomanie was worn out, if it remains it is manie against the English. All this, however, is for your private ear; for I have found that some of my letters home, in which I had spoken a little freely, have been reported to do me disservice. As we are not friends, I may trust to your discretion—may not I? I did not use to applaud it much. Perhaps it is necessary to use still more caution in mentioning me to Lord Ossory. Do it gently, for though I have great regard for him, I don't design to make it troublesome to him. You don't say a word of our Duchess [Grafton], so superior to earthly Duchesses! How dignified she will appear to me after all the little tracasseries of Paris! I trust I shall see her soon. Packing-up is in all my quarters, but though I quit little-tattle, I don't design to head a squadron of mob on any side. I hate politics, as much as friendship, and design to converse at home as I have done here, with Dévots, Philosophers, Choiseul, Maurepas, the Court, and the Temple. What a volume I have writ! but don't be frightened: you need not answer it, if you have not a mind, for I shall be in England almost as soon as I could receive your reply. La Geoffiniska [*querre* Madame Geoffrin] has received three sumptuous robes of ermine, martens and Astracan lambs, the last of which the Czarina had, I suppose, the pleasure of flaying alive herself. Oh! *pour cela oui*, says old Brantôme, who always assents. I think there is nothing else very new: Mr. Young puns, and Dr. Gem does not: Lorenzi blunders faster than one can repeat. Voltaire writes volumes faster than they can print, and I buy china faster than I can pay for it. I am glad to hear you have been two or three times at my Lady Hervey's. By what she says of you, you may be comforted, though you miss the approbation of Madame de Valençinois. Her golden apple, though indeed after all Paris has gnawed it, is reserved for Lord Holderness! Adieu!—Yours ever,
H. WALPOLE."

The most popular acquisition to the first eight volumes of this new edition will be found in the Harcourt Correspondence. Here, from Volume the Sixth, we glean what Mr. Cunningham rightly describes as one of the very best of Walpole's newly published letters:—

"Strawberry Hill, Dec. 6, 1773.

"I wanted an excuse for writing to you, my dear Lord, and your letter gives me an opportunity of thanking you; yet that is not all I wanted to say. I would, if I had dared, have addressed myself to Lady Nuneham, but I had not confidence

enough, especially on so unworthy a subject as myself. Lady Temple, my friend, as well as that of Human Nature, has shown me some verses; but alas! how came such charming poetry to be thrown away on so unmeritorious a topic? I don't know whether I ought to praise the lines most, or censure the object most. Voltaire makes the excellence of French poetry consist in the number of difficulties it vanquishes. Pope, who celebrated Lord Bolingbroke, could not have succeeded, did not succeed, better; and yet I hope that, though a meaner subject, I am not so bad an one! Well! with all my humility, I cannot but be greatly flattered. Madame de Sévigné spread her leaf-gold over all her acquaintance, and made them shine; I should not doubt of the same glory, when Lady Nuneham's poetry shall come to light, if my own works were but burnt at the same time; but alas! Coulanges' verses were preserved, and so may my writings too. *Après, my Lord, I have got a new volume of that divine woman's letters. Two are entertaining; the rest, not very divine. But, there is an application, the happiest, the most exquisite, that even she herself ever made! She is joking with a President de Provence, who was hurt at becoming a grandfather. She assures him there is no such great misfortune in it; 'I have experienced the case,' says she, 'and, believe me, *Pete, non dolet*.' If you are not both transported with this, ye are not the Lord and Lady Nuneham I take ye to be. There are besides some twenty letters of Madame de Simiane, who shows she would not have degenerated totally, if she had not lived in the country, or had anything to say. At the end are reprinted Madame de Sévigné's letters on Fouquet's Trial, which are very interesting. I do not know how you like your new subjects, but I hear they are extremely content with their Prince and Princess. I ought to wish your Lordship joy of all your prosperities, and of Mr. Fludd's baptism into the Catholic or Universal Faith; but I reserve public felicities for your old Drawing-Room in Leicester Fields. Private news we have little but Lord Carmarthen's and Lord Cranborne's marriages, and the approaching one of Lady Bridget Lane and Mr. Tall-Match. Lord Holland has given Charles Fox a draught of an hundred thousand pounds, and it pays all his debts, but a trifle of thirty thousand pounds, and those of Lord Carlisle, Crewe, and Foley, who being only friends, not Jews, may wait. So now any younger son may justify losing his father's and elder brother's estate on precedent. Neither Lord nor Lady Temple are well, and yet they are both gone to Lord Clare's, in Essex, for a week. Lord Temple had a very bad fall in the Park, and lost his senses for an hour. Yet, though the horse is a vicious one, he has been upon it again. In short, there are no right-headed people but the Irish! As it is ancient good breeding not to conclude a letter without troubling the reader with compliment, and as I have none to send, I must beg your Lordship not to forget to present my respects to the Countesses of Barrymore and Massarene, my dear Sisters in Loo. You may be sure I am charged with a large parcel from Cliveden, where I was last night. Except being extremely ill, Mrs. Clive is extremely well; but the Tax-gatherer is gone off, and she must pay her window-lights over again; and the road before her door is very bad, and the parish won't mend it, and there is some suspicion that Garrick is at the bottom of it; so if you please to send a shipload of the Giant's Causeway by next Monday, we shall be able to go to Mr. Rofey's rout at Kington. The Papers said she was to act at Covent Garden, and she has printed a very proper answer in the *Evening Post*. Mr. Rafter told me, that formerly, when he played Luna in 'The Rehearsal,' he never could learn to dance the Hays, and at last he went to the Man that teaches grown gentlemen. Miss Davis is the admiration of all London, but of me, who do not love the perfection of what anybody can do, and wish she had less top to her voice and more bottom. However, she will break Millico's heart, which will not break mine. Fierville has sprained his leg, and there is another man who sprains his mouth with smiling on himself—as I have heard, for I have not seen him yet, nor a fat old woman*

and her lean daughter, who dance with him. London is very dull, so pray come back as soon as you can. Mason is up to the ears in 'Gray's Life'; you will like it exceedingly, which is more than you will do this long letter. Well! you have but to go into Lady Nuneham's dressing-room, and you may read something ten thousand times more pleasing. No, no! you are not the most to be pitied of any human being, though in the midst of Dublin Castle."

The whimsical allusion to "Pivy" Clive, and her jealous idea that Garrick was at the bottom of all her troubles, needs small comment:—that to Cecilia Davis, the old English singer, who maintained Britain's honour abroad in the great days of the Art, as *L'Inglesina*—yet, who died within the last quarter of a century impoverished in London, would have borne a fuller note than Mr. Wright's. As in her case we find Walpole touching music—and as this Harcourt letter contains besides an allusion to his York correspondent, Mason—let us avail ourselves of both to "be tedious" during a paragraph in vindication of Walpole's justice and versatility, which this collected edition of his letters has brought before us.

When noticing the Mason Letters on their separate publication one or two veins of speculation which they opened were so largely explored and commented on as to leave small disposable space for the discussion of other subjects touched in them.—Musical witnesses have called our attention to the letters which passed betwixt Walpole and the York Divine regarding the opera written by the latter on the subject of *Sappho* as proofs how the former's keen good sense in connoisseurship asserted itself when he was called on to speak to some practical point of Art. His suggestions in regard to the arrangement of the story (one often attempted, rarely with success) are clear and clever, in advance of their time.—We must remark, moreover, the fairness with which one—whose wit elsewhere played with Handel as a pompous, noisy, German court favourite, therefore out of fashion—who engaged the people who used to sing "Roast Beef" at the playhouses for chorus in his oratorios—did justice to Handel's genius when the question was, who should set the York Divine's opera-book. Mason, a professed dilettante, who composed weak anthems, published a treatise on church music, and invented an instrument called a *celestinetto*, nevertheless wrote contemptuously of the composer of 'Acis' and 'Rodelinda,' and desired to hand over his Grecian musical drama to the tender mercies of Giardini. Against this preference Walpole, though no professed musician, warmly protested in favour of Handel. The trait is worth dwelling on. We have often fancied that many of Horace's petulances and hatreds were merely airs and graces ("pretty Fanny's way") assumed, as have been those of many others—to name one man, Lamb—in the prodigality and paradox of a humorous spirit—either as consequence of some temporary social rivalry or provocation (this with reference to his expressed aversion to Johnson), or else, to quote the saying put by him into the mouth of *Lady Lucy*, "to amuse correspondents in the country." This we have fancied because we have been also surprised by the rallying power of justice, prescience, uprightness,—which could be assumed by one rated as a coxcomb because he played with coxcombry (even as the Duke of Wellington when he played with a *quiz* in the Dublin streets, or Prince Metternich when he taught the young court ladies the language of flowers)—so often as a truth was to be asserted, or a friend to be served, or a reputation to be defended. That all who

play from time to time, even when their youth is lively and their hearts are light, must for a while bear the stigma of being solely and exclusively players, is nevertheless true. But Time, which sets all things right, will take off every undeserved stigma; and the process in the case of Horace Walpole was, perhaps, commenced by Byron. Every collected publication of his letters we are satisfied will tend to remove it.

Thus much said, we will alight on the Eighth Volume. The principal new letters which this contains are addressed to Henderson the actor, in regard to Walpole's own tragedy of 'The Mysterious Mother,' and to tragedies by Mr. Braganza Jephson, over which the author of 'The Castle of Otranto' exercised a sort of avuncular care. One to the Earl of Buchan is worth giving, in hint to those who are caring for our National Portrait Gallery.—

"Jan. 26, 1782.
"Your Lordship will forgive me if I make but a short answer to the honour of your last, as I write with difficulty, having but the use of one hand, the gout having disabled the other for these three weeks. I do not know whether the pictures of James III. and his Queen remain at Kensington. I was told some years ago that his Majesty, having ordered all his store-pictures to be assembled at that palace in order to select such as he should like to replace those at Windsor and Hampton Court, which he had sent to the Queen's House, did give the residue to the then Lord Chamberlain and his Deputy. I can easily know from Mrs. Loyd, the Housekeeper, whether the portraits of the Scottish King and Queen remain there; and I can as easily obtain from the present Lord Chamberlain permission for your Lordship to have them copied; but that cannot be done without payment of fees to the Officers of the Chamberlain's office, and which it does not depend on Lord Hertford to dispense with, as they have a right, and none of the Royal Pictures are granted to be copied otherwise. The Lady Arabella Stuart is not at Devonshire House, my Lord, but at the Duke of Portland's at Welbeck. If I said otherwise I misinformed your Lordship. I have a copy of it in water-colours by Vertue, which your Lordship's painter shall copy if you please; there is also an old print of her, but extremely scarce. I have one, and there is another in the Collection of English Heads, which Lord Mounstuart purchased of Mr. Bull. I have had my two volumes of 'Royal Authors' bound at your Lordship's command, and they shall be sent if your Lordship will tell me by what conveyance. I forget whether I thought anything else of mine might be acceptable too, but I had rather forget than be vain or impertinent. I have the honour to be, with great respect, my Lord, &c.,
HOB. WALPOLE."

Some mention, too, of the portrait of one much talked about of late may be worth giving, from another of the Harcourt Letters.—

"Berkeley Square, July 1, 1782.
"I wish, my dear Lord, I had told you how very much I admire Lady Harcourt! I am sure you would have left her at my house. I did but mention the head of Addison—and I found it on my table. I must have Aladdin's lantern without knowing it, and you are certainly one of the genies subservient to it, that obey in a twinkling whatever—but, no,—for once, Mr. Genie, you are mistaken. I not only did not order you to send Addison, but you must transport it back, or I will. It is very hard if one cannot make a visit to a gentleman, and ask whose that picture is, but one must have an officious lantern at one's tail, like Io, Mio, and Rio, that fancies one longs, and that one's next child will be marked with what one longed for, if one has not it that instant. Good Genie, take notice, I am not breeding, nor do I wish for everything I see. You have filled my house and every cranny of it already, and it will hold nothing more. Do you think because I am old that I covet more and more, and that I am as rapacious as you are bountiful and magnificent? Seriously, my dear Lord, you shall allow me next

winter to return you the Addison. I truly have no room for it: you have a collection of English Poets—I have not; and over and above all these reasons, pray believe that I am as interested in Nuneham as in Strawberry, and have as much pleasure in its being ornamented. I have little time left to enjoy anything, and who knows what will become of Strawberry, and how soon it may be put up to auction? I am infinitely sensible of all your goodness to me, and much prouder of it than of a collection. Were it the Tribune of Florence I cannot pay a thousandth part of my debts to you, nor, much as I would, my attachment and respect to your Lordship and Lady Harcourt; and when you heap new favours on me, you add to my distress. I meant to quarrel with you ironically, but my heart overflowed: Gratitude is a simple awkward creature that cannot disguise its feelings; and though it has the shortest memory of all the virtues, it cannot help saying what it thinks, when taken by surprise. This time my gratitude shall be perfectly pure, for though it shall restore your present, it shall never forget it."

Another Harcourt letter from a later page recommends itself by its own *virtù* and vivacity:

"Strawberry Hill, Sept. 7, 1782.

"I am most impatient, my dear Lord, for an account of the conclusion of all the various and great works carrying on at Nuneham. I am earnest to hear that the house is finished, that the tower designed by Mr. Mason is ready to receive my painted glass, that he has written several novelties, and is coming to make me a visit as he promised, and that Lady Harcourt has settled, and had transcribed the MS. that I am to print. These things, and perhaps a great many more, I conclude, have been pursued with unremitting diligence, as no soul has had a moment's time to send me a line; though Mr. Mason is so punctual a correspondent, that I know he would not have been so long silent, if he had not been so occupied by the works at Nuneham, which, he knows, I prefer, to my own satisfaction. However, as all must be terminated in two or three days, I beg that the first holiday after the masons, bricklayers, upholsterers, Muses, and amanuenses are paid off, that somebody or other will tell me the society are well, and have not broke their necks off a scaffold, nor their bones by a fall from Pegasus. By my little specimen in Strawberry, I guess that Nuneham is in the highest beauty. As a whole, Summer has been spent on decorating Autumn with verdure, leaves, and rivers. Your Lordship's Thames must be brimful. I never saw it such a Ganges at this time of year: it is none of your home-brewed rivers that people make with a drain, half a bridge, and a clump of evergreens, and then overlay with the model of a ship. I know nothing, for I live as if I were just arrived from Syria, and were performing quarantine. Nobody dares stir out of their own house. We are robbed and murdered if we do but step over the threshold to the chandler's shop for a pennyworth of plums. Lady Mary Mordaunt is at Petersham with Lady Cecilia (Johnstone), and they are to dine here next week, if Admiral Milbank is returned from the Baltic and they can obtain a convoy. Dame Clivden is the only heroine amongst all us old dowagers: she is so much recovered that she ventures to go out cruising on all the neighbours, and has made a miraculous draught of fishes. My nieces are gone to Hackwood, and thence are to meet their sister and Lord Chewton at Weymouth. I have heard a whisper of a little miscarriage: it must have been a very small one. The Duchess (of Gloucester), when I heard last, was at Lausanne, but going to Geneva, and intended a visit to Madame de Virri, who is within three hours of the former. I do not know whither bound next. Has your Lordship seen Mr. Tyrwhitt's book in answer to Mr. Bryant and Dr. Archibage? It is as good as arguments and proofs can be after what is much better, wit and ridicule. As Mr. Mason is absorbed in 'Fresnoy' and Associations, I conclude he does not condescend to look at such trifles as 'Archæologic Epistles,' and 'Dissertations on the Language of Chaucer.' Charles Fox is languishing at the feet of Mrs. Robinson. George Selwyn says, 'Who should the Man of the People live with, but

with the Woman of the People?' Tanton sends his compliments to Druid, and I am the whole sacred Grove's devoted.

H. W."

With a last *frisk* (including "*Pivy's*" card party,—highwaymen, and a Charade on *Tonton* the dog,) from the Harcourt collection, we conclude our notice of these half-a-dozen volumes:

"Strawberry Hill, Oct. 23, 1782.

"Mr. Mason (who, by the by, is grown too plump for a poet and a patriot, on whom the Constitutional as well as the whole *Castalian State* depends) has been here and brought me your Lordship's most kind invitation. I am afraid, my dear Lord, I dare not accept it so late in the season, and in such wet weather. The spirit is willing, but the bones, I must not say the flesh, are weak. I am going to settle in town, not daring to stay even here in my own house, for fear of the damps bringing on the gout. I should not be able to resist walking out at Nuneham, or going into your new rooms, and the consequence would be encumbering you with an invalid for two months—so that I have still passions to conquer at sixty-five; and though I might not have resolution enough to subdue them on my own account, I can for your Lordship's and Lady Harcourt's sakes. If I have a next summer, I shall hope to enjoy all your improvements within doors and without. Mrs. Clivden, I flatter myself, is really recovered, having had no relapse since I mentioned her last. She even partakes of the diversions of the Carnival, which at Twickenham commences at Michaelmas, and lasts as long as there are four persons to make a pool. I am to go to her this evening to what she calls *only two Tables*. I have preached against hot rooms, but the Devil, who can conceal himself in a black ace as well as in an apple or a guinea, had been too mighty for me, and so, like other divines, when I cannot root out vice, I join in it. Lady Cecilia (Johnstone) I have not seen this age. The highwaymen have cut off all communication between the nearest villages. It is as dangerous to go to Petersham as into Gibraltar. I comfort myself with the Gothicity of the times. Is not it delightful not to dare stir out of one's own castle but armed for battle? However, I am so scrupulous an adherent to good old customs, that I intend to be knighted, and shall appoint Mr. Raftor my Esquire, who is as great a coward as Sancho Panza, and has more humour. As it is right, too, according to Cervantes, to mistake the object of one's fury, I know whom I intend to attack as a highwayman, whom as a footpad, housebreaker, or assassin; and should I repeat the same idea fifty times, I can justify myself by the same authority, and shall not want subjects. Still, as even in this ferocious age I do not abandon all literary pursuits, I presume to send your Lordship a composition of my own, in that ingenious way that was last in vogue before martial glory quite expelled the Muses. I mean a *charade*. The word is a French name—*la voici*. The first part is thine, the second part belongs only to the most fashionable people, and the whole belongs only to me, Your Lordship's most devoted,

HOR. WALPOLE."

There is a ninth and last volume yet to come, which we are told will, and which ought to, include many new letters of interest, written by the wit in the twilight hours of his expiring life. As a whole, the series, as illustrating one man from the cradle to the grave, is incomparable.

M. Tullii Ciceronis Orationes. With a Commentary by George Long. Vol. IV. (Whittaker & Co.)

This final volume of an edition which has been regularly noticed in our columns contains twenty-five of the great Roman's speeches. They were delivered over a period ranging from the year after his return from exile (B.C. 56) to a few months before his death (B.C. 43); and they comprise some of the very greatest specimens of his genius. It is to be observed, however, that what are perhaps the two finest—the *Pro Milone* and the second *Philippic*—

were really not spoken, as we have them, at all. This fact illustrates the condition of the art among the ancients. So thoroughly, so elaborately, did they study it, that when circumstances prevented the orator from speaking his oration, he could write it with such reality that it is difficult not to reproduce in the imagination the passion-stirred crowd hanging upon his lips. He projected himself, in fancy, into the heated and vibrating air of the Forum; and those who read felt the more than *literary* pleasure which is given by the living word. There is no parallel in modern public life to the care which the ancients bestowed on oratory, and this explains our inferiority in it,—long ago complained of by Hume. Our public now-a-days is apt to think itself imposed upon if the speaker be not absolutely extemporaneous (as if study were less necessary in this than in other arts!). The orators of antiquity combined the incessant practice of writing with the practice of *extempore* delivery, so that the two re-acted upon each other. Their common off-hand oratory was better from their frequent use of the stylus. Their written orations were *oratorical* from their frequent contact with the crowd.

If we did not remember and understand this, we should be haunted when reading undelivered speeches with a feeling of their unreality. But as it is, one knows that if Cicero had spoken his best for Milo, the oration would have been pretty well what it is. He published it to represent that possibility. But it is plain that no man rose to eminence by publishing speeches only.

And these reflections bring us naturally to the view of Cicero's character given by Mr. Long in his concluding volume. Cicero rose by oratory, rose by the exercise of his wonderful gift, which brought each office of the state into his possession at the earliest legal year at which he could hold it. With him oratory was the flower of his genius and his character, not an intellectual possession only, however sedulously developed. Now what we claim for him among mere soldiers and statesmen is a recognition of his artist-nature, of his sensibility, of his passion, of his tenderness and enthusiasm. This element in him it is which explains and palliates a great deal in his career that is often harshly treated,—his vanity, for instance,—his hopeless melancholy in exile,—and the occasional inconsistency with which,—touched by some kindness or impressed by some new event—he ran into fine eloquent laudations of those whom he did not uniformly support. Less than any man of his time ought he to be strictly and hardly weighed, for not only was his intellectual character of a kind which the Romans were only beginning to value, but his rivals were great warriors and oligarchs, the conquerors of nations, the possessors of immense wealth. Accordingly, we have not seen without pain that Mr. Long thinks more harshly of him than we could have believed possible. It was natural that Archdeacon Williams should sacrifice everybody to his hero *Cæsar*. But Mr. Long does not like despotism, and does like letters, and yet handles Tully in the following fashion,—in the teeth, we may add, of Niebuhr and Arnold:—

"He lived in a time of commotion and revolution. As he says himself, between his youth and his old age he had seen five civil wars. His ambition and his abilities led him to seek the highest honours in Rome, and he, the native of a small Italian town, made his way to the consulship and to the most conspicuous position in the Roman state after *Cæsar*. In one difficult emergency he showed judgment and energy, in the affair of Catiline and his associates, and we may admit that

he was, as Augustus is reported to have said about him, 'a wise man and a lover of his country.' But he lived in difficult times, and found himself in an awkward position between opposing factions; and this, with his great timidity, which, however, he vehemently denied, as timid people do more than the courageous, is some excuse for his irresolution, insincerity, and duplicity. After being humbled to the dust by his exile and by Caesar's usurpation, he rose again and maintained a last and desperate struggle against M. Antonius and his faction. He was the only man in the Senate, so far as we know, who showed either honesty or courage in prosecuting the war against Antonius. He knew it was a contest for his own life, and he perished in the fight, betrayed by men in whom he trusted, and outwitted by the boy, as he called young Caesar. No man can read Cicero's Orations and his Letters without discovering that he falls far below the measure of a generous, sincere, and noble character. The evidence against him is himself. Some of my notes in which I have made remarks about him might lead a reader to suppose that I have taken a pleasure in pointing out the weak or the bad parts of his character; but I am conscious that I have had no intention to do so, that when I began this work I had a better opinion of him, and it is not my fault if a man's character will not stand against the evidence which he has himself produced. I believe that as a private man, though very vain and resentful, he was much better than most of his contemporaries; and as to his public life, we must make the same liberal allowance which ought to be made to all men who are engaged in political matters. We must admit that it is very difficult for a statesman to be perfectly honest, even if he wishes it, for he must try to please a great many people, and often get to good ends, or such as he thinks good, by indirect and crooked ways. We may also certainly conclude that he who is strictly honest and unbending, is not fit for the direction of political affairs, though he may be very useful in keeping in some kind of order those who have more taste for such business and less scruples than himself. If Cicero as a man does not command admiration or respect, he has earned by his writings a fame that will exist as long as good letters shall endure: he has got that immortality which he has often spoken of, and the anticipation of which was a motive to his unwearied labour."

Our explanation of those parts of Cicero's life which have prompted such passages as this will partly be found in what we have said above. We do not set him up for a perfect character—for any such lofty being as the "wise man" of the Stoics. But what we say is, that judging from his letters, in which he has Boswellized himself as unmercifully as ever Boswell did Johnson,—judging from his speeches,—he was a fundamentally kind warm-hearted man; and that, while all his natural impulses were good, his faults were those which are legitimately called *weaknesses*, in contradistinction to a baser kind of errors. He was politically inconsistent, but then so was the whole Roman state in its transition from Republic to Empire; and if he altered at intervals in his relation to Pompey or Caesar, it was no more than they did in their relations to the State and each other. His faith in himself led him constantly to try political action again, at times when we see that the game of his—the constitutional or Liberal Conservative—party was up. Now, it is easy enough to be a model of rigidity in your study; but when a man comes into practical action, he finds that his force is only available as it can influence other forces, and that they in their turn must and will have their effect upon it. To be sure, for downright sordid self-seeking no apology can be made. But we deny that Cicero ever went such a length. On the contrary, a certain consistency can be traced through all his devious course, and it landed him at length in Pompey's camp at a time when he knew Pompey's cause to be ruined.

Why did not he join Caesar, whose triumph, as we believe, he foresaw? Caesar had more relish for the literary form of character and far more capacity of understanding it than Pompey. Their personal footing with him was much the same; both had thrown him overboard during his struggle with Clodius, and on that point his gratitude need not have hampered him whichever way he turned. But Pompey represented at that time to him his "good old cause," the Senate, the *boni*, and all the rest of the powers whose game that veteran could not play, and he shared his fortunes from sentiment and honour. Caesar triumphed; and in pleading for exiles Cicero spoke with lavish eloquence of the Dictator's exploits. But they were great exploits, and just of a kind to touch a fine rhetorical imagination; and for the rest, Cicero's was a fervid nature, and he was not the man to say coldly what he had once determined to say at all.

The two speeches already particularized are the finest in this volume. It is not only that each exhibits Cicero's power of putting a case—especially in those brief rapid sentences in which he condenses his reasoning often into a kind of electric shock,—but that they both contain neat little pictures, quite antique, and not unworthy of comparison with the gems which adorned the Roman country-houses. Antony making his progress through Italy with the laurelled lictors marching before him, and an actress carried in a litter among them,—a crew of pimps behind, and his poor old mother in the rear—this is the kind of thing which brings the strange ancient life before one's eyes, and makes Cicero's orations as curious in their way as the writings of Horace. But if the defence of Milo and the greatest of the Philippics against Antony be the chief treasures of Volume Fourth, it also contains effects scarcely less remarkable. The 'In Pisonem' is a wonderful piece of invective—a roaring torrent of ridicule and abuse. The 'Pro Cælio' opens up the life of young Romans about town, and is alive with the gaiety and urbanity of the great orator in one of his most worldly and practical moods. Indeed, the whole of his gifts are done justice to in these orations, all delivered after he was fifty years old. That Mr. Long thoroughly relishes his parts, though too strictly censuring his character, is abundantly shown in the passage which we proceed to quote:—

"He was a perfect master of a difficult art, which he had acquired by great labour, and which he practised to the end of his life. In clearness, fulness, life, and energy, his style has never been surpassed. The only fault is that he sometimes has too much of the florid Asiatic style, and that his metaphors, which are abundant, are not always consistent with propriety and good taste. But this is a fault of the Latin language, this abundance of metaphor, and one of the main reasons why Latin is sometimes difficult to understand, and often very difficult to translate. Cicero's best orations are inferior to nothing that the Greeks have left, and in some respects I think that they are superior. He handled the matter that was before him with the most perfect skill. He could confuse a thing, if he chose, and make a web of sophistry, which it is almost impossible to disentangle. What he wished to make clear, he could state in the simplest, plainest, and most forcible way, and he generally did it in short sentences. His way of telling a story or an anecdote is the best that could be: he does not weary us; he moves on quick, and lets us off before we are tired, which an unskilful teller of stories never does. He could be humorous, sarcastic, ironical, satirical, and when he was malignant his mouth was most foul and his bite most venomous. His argumentative power, his way of handling given facts, and getting out of them all that he wanted for his

purpose, is really admirable, and more admirable than easy to imitate."

Of Mr. Long's commentary on this concluding volume of his edition of the 'Orations of Cicero,' the highest praise is that it is as good as its predecessors. He is, emphatically, a practical editor,—disinclined to accumulate quotations, and to write "about and about" passages of which no such process will dissipate the obscurity. We have not found him shrinking from any of the difficulties lurking in almost every speech, without a clear-headed, acute attempt to solve them, much as he abominates the prolix and purposeless wire-drawing too often found in classical commentaries. But, on the other hand, much of his matter rises above the rank of the commentary proper. He gives us notes on the moral and social questions which arise out of the text, and these are executed with a terse, neat, wiry lucidity entirely becoming to the occasion. Hence it is that, though this edition is well suited to masters of schools, it is perhaps better suited to those general readers of the ancients as part of universal literature, who are found scattered through the learned professions and the cultivated classes of the country. Among these men Cicero has always been a great favourite, perhaps their chief favourite of Latin prose writers. He touches so many subjects,—he has so thoroughly the tone (pleasant to the citizens of a free country) of a man versed in public affairs, and sympathetic with large varieties of life,—and he may pass altogether as the most remarkable and conspicuous person who ever acquired distinction at once in politics and letters. In his Orations he is not only doing his best and showing his highest genius, but they will ever remain storehouses of historical and legal learning and examples; and an opportunity of enjoying them with good annotation does not occur often enough to excuse us should we pass over with meagre commendation the labours of Mr. Long.

The Old Soldier; the Wandering Lover; and other Poems: together with a Sketch of the Author's Life. By William Heaton. Published by request. (Simpkin & Co.)

HERE, though the "party" in court is a minstrel, we shall not deal with his verse, but with his prose,—a sketch thoroughly artless, a little vain—but we doubt not, in the facts and impressions recorded, truthful. Our author is the son of parents in humble life, belonging to the county of York,—and tells of his early days, his early struggles and studies. When he was about five years of age, he says,—

"I was sent to school to learn reading, I did not, however, make much progress, being too fond of play. At length I became so far advanced that I could read the New Testament, though very indifferently. I soon longed for more books, for we had not many in the house. I found an old imperfect copy of 'Robinson Crusoe,' and never ceased till I had read it again and again. I then began to wish I could write; but my parents were so poor, they could not afford to send me to a schoolmaster. Often have I sat on a tombstone in Luddenden churchyard, and watched the other lads writing their names with a piece of broken pipe, wishing I could have done the same; and when they have gone away I have stolen to the place they have left and tried to imitate them. At length I was obliged to go to work, to learn the trade of a hand-loom weaver. Being under nine years of age, I prevailed on a friend to write my name for me; and night after night, when the other boys were at play, I have been trying to imitate the copy; and if I ever found any paper with writing on, I carefully preserved it, and never rested till I had copied it. I was now sent to the Sabbath School connected with the Methodist Chapel, at

Luddenden; and was put in the first Bible class, where I progressed pretty well. My kind and indulgent mother borrowed Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' for my perusal, which delighted me very much. I rambled with Christian from his home in the wilderness to the Celestial City; mused over his hair-breadth 'scapes, and his conflict with Giant Despair. I was very much delighted with it. I read also 'Henry, Earl of Moreland'; 'The Children of the Abbey'; 'The Old English Baron'; 'The Life and Adventures of Roderick Random'; in short, I read voyages, travels, history, and every other book which came in my way. When my work was out of my fingers some book or other was in; or I sat and listened while my mother told some tale which she had read, or some privation which she had endured in her youth."

It was nine years after this—not till the age of adolescence came—that William Heaton seems to have had a chance of learning to write, when (he goes on)—

"the superintendents of the Methodist School, at Luddenden, gave me a letter of recommendation to the school at Cullingworth, which caused my name to be put on the writing-class list."

Is there not a comment in the above on the difficulties and inconsistencies of rural education? To continue—the boy toiled on,—underwent great privations and distresses,—married young,—and fell into the monotonous life of an operative during thirty long years, still rhyming on—rhyming ever—laying siege to the newspapers; doing his best to amend his grammar in obedience to editorial counsel, bringing, with infinite trouble, a volume to light, some ten years since,—and here a second one, which he hopes may be successful.—What distinguishes this tale among many of its class is the absence from it of the tune of "neglected genius." A paragraph or two from the Preface will show in what a patient and cheerful humour one having the heart of a poet may sing,—be his disabilities ever so great:—

"In 1850, I got employment at Crossley's Carpet Manufactory, Halifax, and for nearly four years I have worked from six in the morning till six in the evening, and sometimes longer. My wife has been nearly eight years unable to dress or undress herself, in consequence of being heavily afflicted with the rheumatism. We have tried all the remedies which have been recommended to us, but to no purpose; but with all my discouragements I still persevered with my writings." It was when I was weaving at home that I made the most progress with them. I then worked in a small chamber, overlooking Luddenden Churchyard. I used to go out in the fields and woods around the village at meal-times, and listen to the songs of the summer birds, or watch the trembling waters of the Luddon, as they murmured melodiously over the pebbly brook. I have watched the butterfly dance on the lovely flowers, and heard with rapture the hum of the wild bee in the foxglove. ** I recollect once, I believe it was in the year 1849, my wife was going to whitewash the walls of the chamber, but I had written so many of my effusions on them that it took me two days to copy them off. I frequently wish now for my churchyard cot, and my busy loom, that I could walk in the fields at the close of the day and at my leisure hours. But it is all over; I must continue to work amidst the clatter of machinery. Although I have only one hour at noon, I generally occupy one half of it either in reading or writing; and as soon as my work is finished for the day, I retire to my chamber, and, closing the door, try to forget the troubles of the past, and look forward with hope to the future. * I have never travelled, nor have I seen the sea, but I have seen the moorland wilds dressed in the lovely garb of summer, with the heather bells in full bloom. I have listened to the sounds of the sweet murmuring rill, till methought it gushed forth in sweet poetic sounds, too sweet for my poor illiterate mind to describe. * If these my humble endeavours should gratify my friends, or tend to raise the class to which I belong, I shall be well repaid; if not, I have toiled in vain,

and have lived till my fifty-third year, without a shilling to call my own, or a strip of land to rest my weary foot on."

We ought to give a leaf from this book, the preamble to which has interested us. There is many a singer better born and better educated in the rank of the minor minstrels who could not make so pleasing a Christmas Carol as the following. The music may not be of the newest,—but it is music.—

CHRISTMAS MURMURS.

Christmas has come with its boisterous breath,
And its leafless trees and bowers,
While the flowers all round
Lie hid in the ground,
And wait for the summer hours.

Where is the daisy's crimson fringe,
The pink and the damask rose,
And the bells of blue
In the woods which grew
Where the murmuring streamlet flows?

Where is the lark with its matchless song,
And the thrush's joyful tune,
And the cuckoo's note
Which did sweetly flow
Through the woods in the month of June?

Hopes and delights which were young and fair,
And joys that were fresh and gay,
Like the choicest flowers
In the spring-tide hours,
They have long since died away,

And left the snow on the mountain brow,
And frost on the window pane;
While the friends we loved
Are by death removed
To the grave's deep dark domain.

But music floats on the midnight air,
Through the leafless trees 'tis borne,
And voices sing
Of a glorious King,
Who came on this joyful morn.

When the mistletoe and the berries red
Of the holly-bush are seen
On the old church walls
And the ancient halls
With leaves from the ivy-green.

And many a bough from the old yew tree
On each picture-frame is spread,
While the box tree gay,
On this festive day,
Is torn from its woodland bed,

And hung in the homes of my father-land—
The homes of the gay and proud,
While the log-fire glows,
And the cold wind blows,
And snow doth the grass enshroud.

Then raise a song to old Christmas true,
As they did in the days of yore:
To the Saviour born
On this happy morn
Be glory for evermore.

Those who care for the uneducated poets of Yorkshire should care for this collection and its writer.

The Official Illustrated Guide to the South-Eastern Railway and its Branches; including the North Kent and Greenwich Lines.—The Official Illustrated Guide to the Great Northern Railway of France, with Six Days in Paris.
By George Measom. (Smith & Son.)

MARVELLOUS are the changes, the means, appliances, furtherances, and incidents of travel. Our ancestors wended on their way, when not on foot, by single horse and guide. Waggonss then came in use for most classes that had not family coaches and Flanders mares of their own. Then arose the heavy "machine," which enabled those who cared not to journey by waggon, and were unable to do so in their own coach, to move to their destination slowly, but not surely. A break-down was an ordinary incident, and a highwayman's bright pistol at the window no uncommon spectacle. A very expensive matter too was "motion" in the old days; never more so than when the route of the traveller lay in the direction indicated by the guide-books named above. A man may reach Paris now for a less sum than he would once have had to expend in order to arrive at Dover. He can accomplish the longer journey in less time than he would formerly have taken to have gone

over a quarter of the ground. No preliminary process of booking places is now needed, and he now has, for a shilling, a guide-book with more information in it than might be found in the old pretentious compilations which cost a "seven-shilling piece."

But even these shilling guides are not all they might be. We open, for instance, the first of the two before us, and we find the author speaking in such terms of Miss Mitford as to lead us to suppose that he takes her for a still living and lively lady. Again, we open the second volume to look over its "one hundred engravings," amongst many of which we recognize, if we mistake not, sundry old acquaintances that have done duty before; especially among the single figures illustrative of certain classes, which we take to be the same that originally appeared in those light and witty "physiologies," under which title the various professions and vocations of the French were some years ago sketched and caricatured. Notwithstanding these little drawbacks, however, the volumes are well worth the money asked for them, and a traveller through Kent to Paris will not be ill furnished with these as mute, but for the most part intelligent, companions.

We think, however, that this sort of companion is susceptible of very great improvement. Some of the plates and a portion of the letter-press seem to us to be very like mere puffs of great establishments, the articles sold, and the owners who sell them. In place of much of this, we would have the ancient story and incidents connected with the scenes travelled through briefly recounted. We would take Dover alone as a subject in one of the volumes which should be re-written. There is no lack of matter of interest to be collected, which has never yet formed part of any guide-book. The history of the passage across, its changes, chances, haps, mishaps, cost, pleasures and troubles, would form an amusing chapter. The privilege of a licensed packet-boat to France was once a boon conceded by the sovereign himself. Of the last of the sailing boats of this class, we have a distinct recollection. The Lord Auckland and the Sally were the last of their race thus employed; and a period of from four to eight hours was considered a particularly unreasonable time for the passage. Nor were the early steamers very much faster in bad weather than the old sailing packets. One terrible *souvenir* of boyhood is the rolling for eleven hours of a January night, between Calais and Dover, in the old Lord Melville, with a disabled paddle and a perfect inability to get round the South Foreland. Half-a-guinea was the ordinary fare in those days. There seems a great difference if we compare that charge, or the triflingly smaller one of the present time, with that fixed by law in the reign of Richard the Second. The fare between Dover and Calais that could then be legally levied was, for a single passenger, in summer-time, 6d.; in winter, 1s. If we remember the comparative value of money, however, we shall discover that the 1s. fare then would not be much heavier or lighter than a 10s. fare now.

The manifold incidents that used to befall travellers at this entrance to, and outlet from, the kingdom are perhaps only known to readers who have read widely and noted largely. Throughout the blooming time of both our Roses, through the days of the Tudors, and through a portion of the days of the Stuarts, the traveller who arrived in Dover was not always sure of getting out of it, particularly if the political horizon were troubled. He was then questioned, cross-questioned, catechized, speeded at by mine host, or haughtily examined

by the mayor, till the poor unknown satisfied all inquirers that he had no claim to be suspected of being suspicious. Even if he were obliged to go through this process as late as the reign of Charles the First, when there was much prying into the character and movements of travellers going to or from the kingdom, he sometimes ran the risk of greater peril—something certainly more unpleasant—in the Channel. There be land-rats and water-rats, and the latter especially, under the name of Dunkirk Pirates, were very troublesome vermin in Charles's time at or near Dover. Of these much mention is made in Mr. Bruce's 'Calendar of State Papers,' where we find that, when these pirates were caught, the authorities were afraid to hang them, lest Englishmen should be served in the same way at Dunkirk, but especially because these rovers "yielded money reasonable store," as Sir John Hipsesley wrote to Buckingham, in 1625, as ransom of their lives. In those days we had an Admiral of the Narrow Seas, whose business it was, or rather ought to have been, to scour the Channel and clear it of pirates. But neglect and disaster, that brought with it no experience, had rendered the Dunkirkers almost absolute masters of those seas; and Dover being placed in imminent peril, the Government left the Castle there to the keeping of sixteen men. The plan was to make the Governor, poor Sir John Hipsesley, find means, and that pleasant official undertook, "out of his poor place, to bring 40,000*l.* to the King's coffers," adding loyally and significantly that the inhabitants "might make some complaints, but he would offend none of the King's friends!" Meanwhile the Dunkirkers used impudently to stop the passage-boat between Calais and Dover, whereby the excursionists of those days often found themselves in very disagreeable positions. Then came reports of immediate invasion from Dunkirk, which set Dover in a panic, for there were guns indeed, but no platforms for them, and the most important point of the fortress was altogether undefended, and admirably suited for the reception of an enemy. Then, as now, everything was deferred till preparation was too late, and the fighting men afloat were the last persons cared for and the first to be cheated. As for our Channel sailors, "their meat," we are told, "was not half the King's allowance, and stinks so as no dog of Paris Garden would eat it." So, there were ships at Dover without sails, and before the sails could be supplied, the provisions were exhausted; while of the force in the Downs half the men were dying, and the other half, the beer being altogether out, were mutinous. The victualling in the Downs must have been bad enough, but there were speculators at Dover trying to make it worse by offering to victual the force at "a halfpenny a man better cheap than it is."

On the "leads" of Dover Castle Charles watched some "cold hours" of a June night for the coming of his Queen from Boulogne, where Henrietta was making merry, and finding great pleasure at the sea there, as she loitered by the shore, suddenly kissing her feet, "so that Her Majesty was over shoes." A good incident of travel at this time we have in the case of the imperious Sir Walter Montague, who, having landed at Dover pier, sent to the post-house a mile off for "ten horses to ride to Canterbury." The deputy postmaster, Moore, refused them, and was soon after summoned to appear before the Council in London. He was stoutly defended, however, by Hugesson, the postmaster himself, whose deputy may have been wrong in refusing so fine a gentleman, but nevertheless he only obeyed the orders in force, that "all persons that please to ride with horse

or guide must repair to the post-house." There seems, indeed, to have been a very republican sort of spirit in the old English postmasters. One of the latter, Pimble, the postmaster at Charing Cross, actually refused to furnish horses for the conveyance of a packet,—a royal letter, in fact, authorizing the deputy-lieutenants of Devonshire to press 400 men, and have them ready in a fortnight. Pimble declined to give his help to such arbitrary measures;—the wire of our days carries any message with supreme indifference; but it was with no indifference that the Government looked upon postmasters who paused to consider of the propriety of forwarding letters, the contents of which were suspected of being not altogether agreeable to their sentiments. The Postmaster of Dover was one of those reflective and obstinate officials who, for refusing or delaying to forward letters, were made to suffer uneasy imprisonment. Nevertheless, the negligence of postmasters between London and Dover continued to form grounds of serious complaint; and the letter service was bad all over the kingdom, many missives never coming to hand, and when they did arrive safely, at a long date from the period of their starting. Altogether, the postmasters were clearly a very independent set of individuals, refusing horses to some gentlemen, and even depriving the latter of their own nags when they thought fit. Thus, the Dartford postmaster, in 1625, seized a gelding belonging to Sir Anthony Weldon, and clapping the mail or "ordinary packet" thereon, sent it forward on His Majesty's service. The power of these people was certainly great. Some great companies, like the King himself, kept carriers of letters to foreign parts in their own pay, allowing them, however, the privilege of carrying foreign letters for individuals. As a sample of this department, we may name Henry Billingsby, who was appointed by Lord Charles Stanhope, in 1625, "in the office of post under the Company of Merchant Adventurers," to convey letters between the city of London and foreign parts; "whereupon," as we read, "the said Henry Billingsby had appointed a place for receiving letters 'behind the Exchange, at one Widow Baynham's, at the sign of the George, a little beyond the Antwerp tavern, on the other side of the way,' and on the Saturday then next, after midnight, he purposed to send away a post for Flushing, Holland, and the Hanse Towns, and so, from time to time, every Saturday, and thereafter, if God spared life and health, to other places." Thus was it done in the days of Charles our King. Not, however, without opposition, for we find that Henry Billingsby's appointment was fiercely contested by a rival who fancied himself in possession of superior privileges. Not that the postmasters were very munificently rewarded. In 1626, we meet with two—"Tarant, Post of Andover," and "Miles, Post of Salisbury,"—humbly stating to Buckingham that, "not having received their pay for six years, they are so indebted that they cannot show their heads," and having attended at the Lord Treasurer's for a month, without succeeding in obtaining a penny, they mournfully protest against being sent home "empty." Such petitions as these may account for the fact that in the same year, Sir Henry Palmer wishing to send letters through the post at Portsmouth to Buckingham, he could find "no postmaster, nor any that would undertake to convey letters." Sir Henry, of course, applied to the chief magistrate; but Mr. Mayor says, "that unless order be taken to set up stages he cannot help it."

Mr. Measom has omitted much pleasant matter that might have been narrated of the interesting locality between Dover and Folke-

stone. In place of this he has had the bad taste to direct notice to the furniture of hotels, putting into your hand the card of the upholsterer, with a touter's laudation; or he points to an academy to which he "owes a few words of commendation," and gives warrant of the "system of moral and religious training" adopted by the "talented and excellent conductor,"—*faugh!* All this is very bad; and if this continues to be the style of guide-books across a country, we shall despair of seeing them what they might be—literary works of permanent value. Some of our older writers of such books set a better example. What makes Gostling's 'Walks in and about the City of Canterbury,' a volume nearly a century old, still so agreeable a book? simply because the author keeps to his vocation, tells or indicates all that is of interest, and does not occupy his space with matter that does not concern him. For the same reason, the as ancient guide-book of Rochester, published in the time of Bishop Zachary Pearce, that prelate of whom Churchill unjustly speaks—

In lawn he whispered to a sleeping crowd
As dull as Rochester and half as proud,

is still a pleasant companion and an authority. If Mr. Measom had told visitors to Dover more of its sights and less about respectable tradesmen and their articles, he would have rendered more acceptable service. The first of these are of the most importance, and they have not been despised by such a writer as Leland. Among the "sights" of Dover Castle, the objects that have retained their position for the greatest length of time are the two formidable keys and the "brazen horn" which the guides of George the Second's reign used to describe as having been the property of no less a personage than Julius Caesar. Leland himself saw some objects that would in vain be looked for now; namely, the bones of the doughty Sir Gawaine, that right lusty, heavy-fisted, and light-hearted nephew of King Arthur! Of the present collection of miscellaneous articles within the Castle, the long pikes which used to be distributed to the "Sea-fencibles," will probably remind the visitor of those earlier "fencibles" of the coast, whom the Romans placed under the guard of "the lieutenant of the Saxon shore." When "*nos amis les ennemis*" left us, the Britons kept up the Sea-fencibles, dignifying their commander with the title of Viceroy. The greatest mistake made by Vortigern was in appointing Hengist the Saxon to this post, for the holder of it speedily rose from a subordinate to a paramount office. Subsequently, the Saxons re-organized this force with a view of keeping out the Danes. As time wore on, and new men took place of the old, the entire jurisdiction was modelled anew. The ports nearest to the Continent were charged with their respective looks-out, but Norman William, knowing from experience how an enemy in his day might land with least difficulty, established the community of Barons of the Cinque Ports, Dover, Hastings, Hythe, Romney, and Sandwich, and under a Lord Warden, entrusted to them the safe keeping of the kingdom from those important points. When Pitt was Lord Warden, he was colonel of a portion of the Fencibles of Kent. We have a portrait of the warrior-statesman now before us, and nothing can well be more ridiculous. The gallant colonel is mounted on a gigantic horse that could have carried with ease the four sons of Aymon and all their armour. His long, spectre-like legs are in tight blue pantaloons and Hessian boots; marvellous is the cut and fashion of the military, unimilitary coat; more marvellous still the stupendous cocked-hat and its sky-sweeping feather. At full arm's-length,

Pitt gingerly holds a martial sabre, a world too heavy for his arm, and his face wears an air of settled disgust which is in strong contrast with the business-like composure of the Titanic steed. If Pitt really looked as the artist has here represented him, we are not at all surprised at the remark of Sir John Moore, when Pitt offered to place at his disposal the Lord Warden's two thousand Fencibles, and asked how he and they would be disposed of, if they joined Moore, on the landing of an enemy. Moore replied that he would place Pitt and all his men on a neighbouring hill, where they would look formidable enough, while the regulars were transacting all the necessary fighting business on the beach.

Within Dover Castle, however, there is now another collection of pikes or lances, which we will undertake to say no visitor will look upon without a certain degree of reverential emotion. These are the lances of the survivors of the renowned "Six Hundred," who in the charge across the plain of Balaklava won immortal fame for themselves, and fixed deathless infamy on those who, ignorantly or wantonly, flung them so uselessly within the line of the enemy's batteries. The lances of those who fell are in the hands of the Russians, whose Cossacks rode over the plain, when there was no foe upright before them, and running their spears into the breasts of the wounded men, dismounted and despoiled them at their leisure. The condition of the lances now in the Castle speaks forcibly of the nature of that bloody passage at arms; there is scarcely one that is not stained with the heart's blood of the noble rider. In some cases on the inside of the white arm-straps of the lances are little masses of clotted gore. The stains are there for ever,—the very names of the riders are forgotten; but, as we can testify, the sight wins the sympathy of all beholders, and in its presence soldiers tell how our dragoons went through the Russian heavy cavalry as if the latter had been paper, and how the Light Brigade "did their duty, sir, like men, and God bless 'em!" Amen!

The 'Guide to the Northern Railway of France' is superior to that of our 'South-Eastern.' From it we give one passage, touching a subject with which few visitors to Paris are acquainted, and which passage is a favourable sample of this book.—

"Approaching the Pont des Invalides, we see the Imperial Manufactory of Tobacco—a government monopoly, which is said to add to the revenue, annually, 3,200,000*l.* The value of this establishment is set down at 191,000*l.* The plant alone, which includes the machinery and tools, is included in the above estimate, and represents a sum of about 27,000*l.* The tobacco-leaves, purchased by the Régie, and which have previously been dried in the open air by the planters, are brought into the manufactory, where they are first subjected to an operation, which is termed *écottage*, and which consists in the removal of the ribs of the leaves. This work is generally performed by women. After the *écottage*, the damping of the tobacco is proceeded with. This is done with a solution of sea-salt, a substance which assists the fermentation, but, at the same time, prevents the mass from assuming a putrid character. The tobacco is then roughly cut up, and in that state is laid up in vast stores, where it is allowed to ferment. In these warehouses, which sometimes contain as much as 400,000 kilogrammes of tobacco, the fermentation raises the temperature as high as seventy or eighty degrees; and there would even be risk of carbonization, if these immense masses were not occasionally aired and shaken up. When it is supposed that this fermentation has reached the height required to pro-

duce all its useful effects, that is, at the end of five or six months, the portion of tobacco intended to be made into snuff is taken away, and made to undergo a fresh but milder fermentation. The dressed tobacco passes through mills moved by steam, and, after being ground, is then sifted, passed between large cylindrical brushes, intended to break up any small heaps into which the powder may have formed itself in the sifting; and lastly, it is again passed through finer sieves, which it leaves in the state in which it is sold. Tobacco for smoking, after it has left the warehouse, where it has undergone the process of fermentation, is first of all placed in a machine which presses it tightly between a couple of boards; then, by the aid of another mechanism, it is impelled towards a sort of guillotine which cuts it into extremely thin slices. From that it is transferred to a first drying-machine, composed of a number of brass channels warmed by steam, and arranged something like the pipes of an organ, so as to present the largest possible amount of calorifying surface. During this operation, which lasts about twenty minutes, the tobacco loses about fifteen per cent. of its weight. It is then taken to another room, and placed on a second dryer, formed of a number of linen screens arranged one over another. This second operation only takes about five or six minutes."

On lighter subjects the author passes more lightly, having something to say of most classes of people, from queens down to the *folles danseuses* of places like the Prado, Chaumière, Chartreuse, Valentino, Mabilly, and Ranelagh. But the "daughters of Herodias" of to-day are not what their elders were a dozen years ago. Those sovereign princesses, Rosine and Pomaré, Mogador, Clara Fontaine, and the two Cordays, Rose Pompon and Louise la Balochouse, had their mad, sad, and little day, and are succeeded by others whose every step is under the supervision of a moral and Imperial gendarme. So far there is improvement,—and the word suggests to us that, by attending to our remarks, Mr. Measom may deserve to have the same word applied to future editions of his Official Guides.

History of England from the Earliest Times—[Histoire de l'Angleterre, &c.] By Émile de Bonnechese. Vols. I. and II. (Paris, Didier & Co.)

No intensity of national spirit is visible in this French version of English history. M. Bonnechese, a practised and versatile writer, moulds his narration in harmony with the evidence he has deduced from a large number of authorities, and even when treating of French and English rivalries steadily preserves his point of view, and presents a statement free from elaborate discoloration. To readers on this side of the Channel, however, the work will be chiefly interesting as a new development of historical criticism from the latitude of Paris. M. Bonnechese not having carried his researches beyond the familiar precincts of the printed and quoted records. However, regarded in this light, it is a production of some importance, as a vigorous and pictorial story of English growth from the period before the Roman invasion to the death of Queen Elizabeth, written by a profound admirer of British liberty. England alone among nations, says M. Bonnechese, has solved the problem propounded by Tacitus, of those balanced political principles necessary to organize a system of freedom. Her annals are those of a people advancing resolutely, although with irregular rapidity, through long epochs and mighty struggles, to the conquest of institutions favourable to their power and happiness, to their character and to their glory. To interpret this history it is essential to describe the obstacles that have been overcome, the conflicts that have been waged, the gradual evolution of liberal laws from the collision of classes and

estates. The basis laid by M. Bonnechese—who has already published a work on the "fair conquests of England"—differs materially from that of M. Thierry, who assumes that the Norman invasion swept the ground clear, for it is here urged with great reason that the Normans grafted much upon a Saxon stem and insensibly yielded to influence, while they ostentatiously exerted it. In order to preserve the distinctness of his views, and the episodic character of his narrative, so as to illustrate the moral with more practical effect, M. Bonnechese marshals men, events, and eras into immense groups,—a process easier, he maintains, in English than in any other history. Reducing his recapitulation within the closest limits, we find the series thus marked:—the successive waves of invasion mingling into one isolated population; the protracted struggle for charters under the Plantagenets, with the cession of remunerative qualifications to nobles and citizens, and the hundred years' war with France, leaving the English confined in Europe within their insular frontiers; the religious revolution of the sixteenth century; the political revolution of the seventeenth; the great foreign wars and parliamentary debates of the eighteenth, including the loss of our American and the rise of our Indian Empire, the acquisition of Canada, the union with Scotland. These, M. Bonnechese says, are the grand features in the history of the English people,—these have been the principal phases of their existence, and this is what he has undertaken to describe—a vast structure rising stage by stage above the throne of Cedric, seven sovereign families of various origin, yet all united by common ties to the first; a magnificent succession of illustrious men who have figured upon English soil and in her conquered territories throughout the world, in the Council, the Church, and the Army, during more than eight centuries, from Julius Cæsar to George Washington. Upon the threshold of the French Revolution and the wars ensuing he will pause, since the history of Great Britain then becomes, he affirms, the history of Europe. Concerning the details of his plan, he writes: "Kings and illustrious men occupy a large space in my narrative; if an Alfred, an Edward the Third, an Elizabeth, or a Cromwell, if the Henries and the Williams gave chiefly the impulse to their age, or stamped its character, Dunstan and Beckett, Hampden and Russell, Bolingbroke and Marlborough, Fox and Pitt, formed its living expression, render its history, as it were, visible to our eyes, personify it in themselves, and affix to it their sign-manuals and seals."

Accordingly, these figures stand upon commanding altitudes in M. Bonnechese's history, and some of them wear, we are bound to say, the antique costume, and preserve the traditional attitudes. Thus, Alfred bakes and burns cakes in a woodman's hut, Canute rebukes the idle foam of the sea and the idle froth of his courtiers' flattery, and Elizabeth is the awe-inspiring Virgin throned in the west, whose portrait is recognizable in every gallery. At the same time much diligent investigation has been bestowed on the characters and actions of these personages; and in his chapters on literature, art, and science, M. Bonnechese displays no little mastery of the subject in its general bearings. He interposes, also, more chapters on the history of manners, customs, and society in England, and his work, as a freely drawn outline, is one that recommends itself to the English as well as to the French reader. If as little more than a rapid and vivid recital, with little depth of criticism, it claims no rank among philosophical histories, it is nevertheless valuable on account of its intelligent interpre-

"The cultivation of tobacco in France is only permitted in six departments, which are the Bas Rhin, the Ile et Vilaine, the Lot, the Lot et Garonne, the Nord, and the Pas de Calais. To these departments must be added Algeria, which has become the richest source of supply."

tation of events, and the thorough liberalism of the writer's mind.

The British Army in India; its Preservation by an Appropriate Clothing, Housing, Locating, Recreative Employment and Hopeful Encouragement of the Troops. With an Appendix on India. By Julius Jeffreys. (Longman & Co.)

A Buddhistic age is measured by moments, each of which is of such duration that ere it elapses a vast rock would be entirely decomposed, by a process so slow as to destroy no more than an infinitesimal fragment in the longest period intelligible to man.

The man, whose mind can span this gulf of time, may look forward to an epoch when the imbecility and impassiveness of official men will cease to exist. He may anticipate the good time coming, when no sooner shall a thing be proved useful and right than it will be adopted. Less gifted individuals must be content with things as they are, with the time-honoured fashions of the Circumlocution Office, and the successive failure of innumerable ardent minds to break through the brazen barrier of Routine. Such a failure we predict for the author of the book now before us, a man of singular inventive genius, of warm benevolence ever on the stretch to benefit his fellow men, and of great scientific acquirements. In this single volume of moderate size is contained matter more important than the contents of all the huge folios, which Parliament in its wisdom has, during many by-gone years, piled on the patience of the public. Here is to be found the true philosopher's stone for the preservation of our European Army in India. Adopt the suggestions made in these pages, consult their author and be advised by him, and ministers may shake off from their minds the Indian Incubus. Here are measures which will save more men in one year than the present recruiting system will supply in two, and which will make a thousand English soldiers more effective in the heats of Hindustán than ten thousand of their like now are.

At the moment that we pen these lines how many of our gallant countrymen in India are sickening and dying, who, if those, to whom their preservation ought to be the first thought and most earnest study, would but listen to advice, might serve their fatherland for years, and find in it a calm asylum for old age. But while days are wasted in devising shoulder-knots and such like frippery, an hour's attention to matters of real utility is denied. This is strange but true; and so we predict again that this volume, full as it is of invaluable counsels, will be not only resultless, but unread.

We at least must discharge our duty, and place briefly before our readers the essence of what Mr. Jeffreys has suggested for the preservation of the British army in India, an army of 100,000 such soldiers as no land can match, and such as even England would find it difficult to replace.

Before, however, enumerating the contents of this book, we must say a few words of the author, in order to show that in him we have no rash empiric, but one who has already won a position which entitles him to respectful attention. In 1824 Mr. Jeffreys, who had, a short time before, entered the medical service of the East India Company, visited the Himalayas, and was the first to study and report upon the climate, and to his advice and that of Mr. James Ranald Martin, to whom he inscribes his book, is to be attributed the establishment of the military sanitary stations at Simlah, Masúri, and Landor. His subsequent career was marked by innumerable

useful suggestions in connexion with tropical Hygiene, and the development of the industrial resources of India. It suffices to say, that Mr. Jeffreys is the inventor of the Respirator, in order to prove the practical value of his genius.

Turning now to the present work we may first advert to a fact, which he brings prominently forward, and which cannot be too thoroughly insisted upon. Englishmen, that is, the great majority, of whom alone we must here speak, cannot become acclimated in India by exposure. To use the words of Mr. Jeffreys, "The man who habitually exposes himself may rely upon it that whatever may be the apparent impunity with which he does so, he is weakening his constitution, and laying for himself the foundation of visceral disease." The apparent exemption of the troops before Delhi and the opinion of some experienced officers may lead to fatal errors on this head. Hopeful excitement may for a time grant a seeming immunity to the soldier, but with success arrives a terrible reaction. A few, indeed, are gifted with semi-tropical constitutions, and these, like General Jacob, may bid the young officer not fear the sun, "for though it may tan his cheek, it will not hurt him," but the sure result of those counsels will be, to the mass at least, disease and death.

In the true sense of the word, regiments are never acclimated. Those whose constitutions are wholly unsuited to the tropics—the overbold also—and the very sickly, die at once. The rest are taught some degree of prudence by the deaths of their comrades; and, in proportion to their prudence and temperance, hold out against the climate; but every year takes from the robustness of their frames and weakens their stamina. This being the case, it becomes an absolute necessity to have recourse to artificial defences against the climate. Dress, then, is not without great importance (at all events, at the present season of campaigning) among the five heads into which Mr. Jeffreys divides his subject. The others, Housing, Location, Recreative Employment, and Moral Encouragement of the Soldier, likewise, especially the last, call for the immediate and earnest attention of the Government,—but it is Dress of which we are now particularly to speak. The head-dress required for the English soldier in India is thus described by Mr. Jeffreys:—

"A head-dress to be effective should possess such resisting power as to ward off entirely the whole rays of the sun throughout an exposure to its action of any duration; and not only from the skull, but also from the sides of the head, face, and neck. It ought also to transmit so copious a ventilation over the head as to encourage the perspiration to evaporate freely from it; and yet with a provision by which in cold weather the circulation of the air could be at once reduced or cut off. At the same time, such a head-dress should be no more cumbersome than was necessary to fulfil all those conditions completely."

Now, it cannot be denied that, to be a thorough protection from the sun, a helmet requires so many parts that it will necessarily be bulky and somewhat uncouth. Yet its weight need not exceed two pounds, and, with the following construction, it is rendered perfectly sun-proof. As a polished surface repels the rays of light, the exterior coating must be of bright brass, German silver, or leaf tin. Under this bright coating is a thick layer of canvas, which again, in the inside, is lined with polished metal. Between this and the next defence is an open space to admit of the hot air being carried off by convection through a vent in the top of the helmet. Then comes a wadding three-eighths of an inch

thick, overlaid by a third metallic plate. This soft wadding brings into play the principle of non-conduction so as to stop, or but very slowly to transmit, whatever rays have penetrated the previous barriers. A fourth metallic coating lines the reverse of this wadding, and to this succeeds an open space to allow of the evaporation and convection of heat from the part of the helmet next the head. This again, is formed of fine thick flannel, or other porous woollen cloth, through which the perspiration and internal heat can permeate. The whole thickness of the side of the helmet does not exceed one inch and a half, and presents nine defences against the sun, in which the five principles of reflection, conduction, radiation, convection, and evaporation are brought into play to repel the heat. There is a further contrivance to contract or enlarge the space between the head and the inner and shifting roof of the helmet, so as to meet the ill effects of a sudden change of temperature. Lastly, the whole is rendered impervious to the blow of a weapon by a steel wire frame.

It will be seen, then, that this sun-proof helmet offers absolute immunity from suffering to the soldier, and shall any scruples about appearance prevent its adoption? Such objections are well answered by Mr. Jeffreys, who also greatly insists on the vast importance of impressing the natives with the certainty that the climate of their country is not an invincible ally against us. On this head we read:—

"Not only would a great mortality in the army check the ardour of recruits, but its effect upon the natives would be more serious still. I had frequent opportunities of noting the impression produced on their minds by the sickness of Europeans in India, and have at times elicited their opinions upon it. They differ nothing from mankind in general in being universally disposed to plume themselves upon any advantages they possess over others, and especially upon the solitary advantage over us in possessing tropical constitutions. Man, everywhere, is likewise disposed to look upon that climate which suits him best, as the proper one, and upon the native of a different clime, who sickens and declines in the former, as a 'poor creature' of a feeble constitution. The natives of India look upon us as white bears from the cold unhealthy North, ferociously brave, but of sickly constitutions, disabling us from occupying their country without their aid. That the rebellion was long meditated, and purposely timed to commence in the hottest season, I cannot entertain a doubt. The rebels were not wrong in their estimate of the power of their sun; but they miscalculated the time it would require for doing their work. It was true that it could destroy a whole army of British soldiers, but too gradually for their purpose. Aided by elating excitement, the former are enabled to last through one, two, or three seasons, according to their power of endurance severally, and to strike down rebellion before they are themselves struck down by the climate. But we may rest assured that the hopes of the disaffected are watchfully directed to the thinning of our ranks by each year of exposure; and that they rightly draw more encouragement from this, than from the prospect of meeting our forces with success in the field. Extensive casualties amongst the soldiery from disease would too probably keep alive the embers of insurrection, which again would prolong the necessity for the exposure which, equipped as the troops are, would prove a cause of sickness constantly increasing in its effects. Should this vicious circle ever become fully established through equal perseverance on both sides, there can be little doubt in what it must eventuate. If our soldiers, therefore, can be induced with more lasting persistence under exposure in the field, a moral effect of great influence will, I am persuaded, be produced."

How completely Art can triumph over climate is, indeed, shown by an experiment on an article less precious than European life, yet

not without its value. The proof is one which will commend itself to every Anglo-Indian lover of music, whose anxieties respecting the conveyance of the instrument of sweet sounds in India may henceforth be allayed. The friends of Mr. Jeffreys have reason to extol his practical science, as is shown by the following example:

"In the outer air also the cooling power of evaporation can master the heat of both the sun and the atmosphere if there be wind to excite it. Every resident in the western provinces of India is aware how soon a piano will be warped out of shape and value in a house which is not artificially cooled, and how soon it loses its tune even in a cooled one. In the height of the hot winds I sent a piano in full tune from Cawnpore to friends at Meerut, a distance of near 300 miles, who, as it was brought in through a fierce hot wind, expected to find it destroyed, and at a baking heat. They informed me that, when they opened it, it actually cooled the air of the room near it, and was still in tune; and in fact had suffered nothing. Relying on the power of evaporation, I had it wrapped in cerecloth well *payed* with melted wax to secure it from the wet, and then enveloped in several layers of an open-wove cloth, the warp of which was thick cotton wick, made for the 'Refrigerator,' the machine for cooling houses, described under a future head. A slight awning of 'sirkee' (a fine reed) was suspended above it. It was carried, like a palanquin, by bearers, and was accompanied by two or three 'bheestees' (water-bearers) whose duty it was to keep it drenched with water day and night, and whose reward was double pay if it arrived in tune. I mention this incident not only as strongly illustrative of the power of evaporation to combat heat both of sun and wind, but as an allowable digression, since it may afford information useful to some of our fair countrywomen yet surviving the horrors of the time, whom conjugal duty may keep in or call back to India, and whose renewed homes may well need the solace of music. They will find the above, if rightly managed, the safest and quickest way of conveying their instruments by land, and not very expensive."

The above example of the successful application of the author's principles in the repulsion of heat will suffice. The same principles are to be applied to the tunic of the soldier, and to the barracks in which it is proposed that the officers and men should in future be located in different parts of the same building. Detached buildings, it is shown, are far more obnoxious to heat, and present a temptation to constant exposure to the sun in the perpetual visits paid to comrades during the day. Barracks should be built on arches, the lower story to be occupied by military stores, never by men. They should have double roofs for the circulation of air, and the outer roof might be lined with some polished coating which would repel the rays. A wide verandah should surround the upper as well as the lower story. Above all, a perpetual supply of cool air should be wafted through the building by means of wells sunk in a contiguous plot of ground. For the full description of this ingenious plan of ventilation, we must refer our readers to the book before us. We give, however, an extract which demonstrates the magnitude of the results:—

"Of the capability of such a heat-absorbing and heat-exhaling reservoir as the block of earth with its cavernous surfaces would form, we may obtain some conception by a little calculation. First, as to the whole earthy surface holding a commerce in caloric with the air sweeping against it down and up the wells and through the transverse passages. Each well, where there are forty perpendicular feet available, and ten peripheral, will possess a surface of four hundred square feet, to which must be added one hundred feet more as the surface of one-half of the two transverse passages connecting it with the next wells. The acting surfaces of each well may then be taken at five hundred square feet; and of the two hundred wells at no less than one hundred thousand feet; which immense surface would be

constantly acting upon the ventilating currents. These, while traversing it, being repeatedly inverted and changed in their direction, could not fail to have every part of them brought into contact with the earthy surface. With respect to the capacity, as a reservoir for heat, of our block of earth of one hundred yards square and fifty feet deep, forty of which may be assumed available, it will be found on calculation to contain, deducting the wells' space, no less than three million six hundred thousand cubic feet, weighing about five hundred and fifty million pounds. Estimating the *specific* heat of earth and of air as about the same, supposing the surfaces of the wells to be at the commencement of the hot season at the temperature of sixty degrees, one hundred millions of pounds of hot air might pass through them during the ensuing hot months, and be cooled down thirty degrees, without raising the temperature of the mass of earth six degrees, by the time the cooling process ceased to be needed at the close of the warm months. Any warming of the mass by heat that struck down from the surface of the soil would, of course, be separate, but not such as to affect materially the calculation; since, if the quantity to be cooled were doubled, the earthy mass would only be heated by twelve degrees. Supposing the cooling to be employed about two hundred days, or about seven months, this would allow no less than half a million pounds of ventilating air daily, or upwards of twenty thousand pounds of air per hour, day and night. In bulk this would amount to more than two hundred and fifty thousand cubic feet; which would renew every hour the entire atmosphere of a barrack two hundred and forty feet long, sixty feet wide, and about twenty feet of mean height. Such a ventilation would be redundant, and could only take place in strong winds, since it would require a current of air through the wells of six miles per hour, and through their connecting passages of twenty. Of course the surfaces of the outermost wells first entered by the hot air would soon lose much of their coolness; but then the nearer wells would have theirs less reduced in proportion."

We have said enough to draw attention to the importance of Mr. Jeffreys's book, and though we have not touched upon many of the matters of vital interest which are there discussed, we have, we hope, pointed out to our readers the right place to which to refer on the subject of the preservation of the English army in the East. It is high time that something were done. Shall it be any longer said that the European soldier is driven to intemperance, crime, or suicide, by the hopeless wretchedness of his life, and the certainty that it must needs be short? Is he to see his offspring, almost without exception, pine away and die, though the blessed climate of the hills is almost within reach, because none but Sir H. Lawrence have cared to look for an asylum for the soldier's child? We trust that this reproach will soon be at an end,—that the Government will make amends for its long neglect in these things by a zeal not inferior to that shown by the author of this book.

NEW NOVELS.

A Friend in Need: a Romance. 3 vols. (Bentley.)

—A romance presupposes a suspension of the usual laws of probability, or even of the necessary connexion between cause and effect,—but then, by way of compensation to common sense, a vast amount of "thrilling interest" is expected to be the result; if we are amused and carried on from the first page to the last of a book chasing an exciting incident through all its complications, we do not stop to make objections. The hero may "link one virtue to a thousand crimes," and end by being a respectable man, a severe father, a generous churchwarden, and a general ornament to society,—so that his previous career has amused us, we forgive the moral harlequinade, make him welcome to his epitaph, and give up his acquaintance as soon as the transformation is accomplished. The heroine may have run through all the "Perils of Women," with

an indiscretion which would deprive her of the benefit of Mrs. Chapone and Dr. Gregory,—but if she be an agreeable companion and wear her difficulties and persecutions gracefully she may involve herself in "female difficulties," and get entangled in questionable situations; but we give her our faith, and cheerfully consent that in the last chapter she shall go to be married in a coach and six, and become a duchess at the very least. But her history must have been amusing—that is a rule which can never be relaxed, no, not in favour of the best angel with blue eyes who ever wore white muslin! Such being the case, we are grieved to say that Miss Laura Vandeleur, the heroine, and "Friend in Need," cannot claim the privilege to which we have adverted. She is abundantly romantic, as imprudent a heroine as ever figured betwixt the boards of a book,—but her chronicle is one of the dullest we ever read—dull and improbable. She makes soliloquies,—she undergoes emotions and dangers enough to cause an incurable heart-complaint to any one less robust,—she shelters a handsome young man, a fugitive whom she never saw in her life before, in her father's house, in her father's absence,—she rises in the depth of night to give him his supper, plays to him upon the harp, and though she declines the offer of his hand and heart, she vows him everlasting friendship, and swears to assist him in his search "after his unknown parents,"—for though brought up as the son of an Irish farmer, he feels an inward conviction that he is the son of an Irish peer, and that his destinies are noble. Possessed with this idea, he makes himself extremely troublesome; he runs away at the beginning of the book, and there are people running after him to the end, some to do him evil, some to do him good. At length, after many chances, and changes, and dangers, and escapes, and being left for dead oftener than once, he reaches the end of the story safe and sound,—for though he received more sword-cuts, dangerous wounds, and desperate bruises than would have served a month of Donnybrooks, his beauty and his life are always spared, and he finds his parents. Laura finds a husband, who seems to have deserved a better fate; a few intervening characters are killed, but the reader does not care much about them. He is fatigued, but has not been excited; and we fear had it depended on the "gentle reader" instead of "the talented author" that Mr. George Hartigan, the hero, would not have outlasted the first half of the first volume. In brief, the "Friend in Need" is long-winded, improbable, and wearisome exceedingly. There is a long account of the "Steel Boys," which is too dull either to point a moral or adorn the tale, though it adds considerably to its weight.

Framleigh Hall: a Novel. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett).—"Framleigh Hall" is an excellent novel: we should imagine it to be the author's first work: there is a certain spirit and freshness about it which rarely survives a first work. It has to pay the penalty of the inexorable law of three volumes, well and fully computed; the consequence is, that the interest is too wire-drawn for the amount of incident that the story carries, but the characters are all drawn with spirit and a keen insight into the workings of human nature, and they are finished with the delicacy of miniature painting. It is the work of no ordinary hand. There is novelty in the treatment of very simple materials and simple circumstances. The character of Maurice Delamere, the hero, is charming, and worked from the life. Every touch is true, and indicates a knowledge of human nature not often revealed—a timid gentle nature, cowed down by injudicious treatment and the atmosphere of severity and roughness which surrounds him in his youth—deepening the shadow that overhangs him, till delicacy of organization and nervous sensibility become all but degraded into cowardice and equivocation. They are, however, redeemed and strengthened, and finally made triumphant, through the might of a most loving and noble heart. All the morbid delicacy and self-tormenting introspection of such a nature are indicated with great skill. Maurice never for one moment loses the sympathy and respect of the reader,—he never becomes unmanly in his gentleness, or contemptible in his

sensitiveness: he is a beautiful character, beautifully drawn. The second hero is in all respects a coarse, clever contrast—the type of a hard common nature, full of the flashy high-coloured qualities of a commonplace hero. He is gifted, too, with intellect of a certain class—daring courage, of the brute bull-dog type,—but cruel, unscrupulous, selfish, sensual, overbearing, arrogant, strong in hate, weak in love; and yet this man, by the author's true and artistic treatment, is made not wholly repulsive; to a degree, the reader is obliged to feel sympathy with him. The two men are attracted by the same woman—both love her with the whole strength of their character; and the collision between them makes the main interest of the book. The female characters are all drawn with great delicacy—Eugenie is charming; but Isabella, the cousin, is full of subtle traits of truth, and is a fine study of female human nature. To make a woman perfectly dignified, and at the same time suffer under an unrequited attachment, is not easy; but she is full of tender grace, and her affection is both noble and womanly. We do not commend this book for scenes of strong interest or exciting incident—it may not be a popular circulating library book; but those readers who care for a higher class of reading will know how to appreciate it, and will be apt to return to it after they close the volumes.

The Privateer: a Tale of the Nineteenth Century. By Cecil Percival Stone. (Hope).—“The Privateer” is a clever, unreal story, written by a young officer, and is crammed with as strange a combination of yachting, fox-hunting, mesmeric and nigger-whipping scenes as the perusal of ‘Uncle Tom,’ ‘Soapy Sponge,’ ‘Peter Simple,’ and other unequal works ever suggested to a combining but not very artistic mind. There are wild escapes in Tripoli, which is made a stage, muslin-turban, sort of world,—a chase that reads like one of Cooper's a little diluted,—a supposed murder that turns out only a chance-medley,—and a Gipsy Queen who, in this age—actually in the company of such suspicious men as the Flaming Tinman and other thimble-rig demireps or no reps—wore “golden porte-robres,” large crystals, snake brooches, and goat-skin leggings. No wonder at nineteen she was “the marvel and standing topic of surprise to the whole country side.” The scene is laid in that territory so often mentioned in old deeds and such a favourite with bad poets, “No Man's Land.” She is a Chartist agent, a biologist, a saint. She discovers crimes by cataleptic visions,—she enchains cruel slave-drivers in electric chairs. She is a Sibyl and a prophetess, a sort of Chartist Boadicea. Ridiculous as is the sentiment of this book, unreal as are its scenes, foolish as is its Surrey-Theatre plot, being as it is such a strange conglomeration as a lady's-maid might dream when sitting up for Lady Mouser, she falls asleep after the perusal of three odd volumes of circulating library romances,—still there is about it a certain manly vigour and robustness, a power of description and perception of character that by no means shut out the possibility of seeing better things from our imaginative young ensign. Ten years ago he would have been still more vague than he is at present; now, the demand for exact truth of description compels him to write as much as possible from real observation. So, at least, though tainted with slang and flippancy, we sometimes get a vigorous, natural scene, not unworthy more finish. Don Miguel's rising was never attended with such unlucky consequences as the production of this book. It is a triumph of novelist's surprise to make the hero Guzman correspond with Watson, who in 1816 headed the crowd that broke into the gunmaker's shop, for which the poor scapegoat, a sailor out on a frolic, was hung.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Elements of the English Language. By Ernest Adams. (Bell & Daldy).—This work is published, the Preface inform us, not as a mere outlet for mental restlessness, or from any morbid affection for authorship, but because the author “conscientiously believes that some such manual is among the wants of the day.” That we have no really good English grammar may be quite true;

but it is clear, on his own showing, that Mr. Adams has not earned the right to entertain such a conviction. “The author candidly pleads guilty,” he says in a subsequent paragraph, “to a very limited acquaintance with existing English grammars. The few he consulted discouraged him, and he read no more. Had he been more persevering, his book would doubtless have been improved.” The impertinence of this passage might produce a more unfavourable opinion of the author than the work itself would sustain. Still the “candid” statement is a confession of serious disqualification for the work he undertakes. Before attempting to supply the defects of existing English grammars, he ought at all events to have ascertained what they really are. On looking into the book, we find that the author's want of perseverance, as he calls it, has produced the result which he anticipates. In some parts—those on Composition and Derivation, for example—it is more meagre and imperfect than some of the commonest and cheapest grammars we possess. In other parts, however, he attains with fair success the object he has in view:—“to furnish in a concise form the results of recent philological inquiries into the structure and history of the English language.” This work, equally important and necessary, pre-eminently requires sound judgment and critical skill for its proper execution. The impulse recently given to philological inquiry in this country has been prolific in theories and speculations connected with almost every question of English etymology and syntax. Through the labours of the Philological Society and individual inquirers, a vast mass of materials has been accumulated for the illustration of English grammar and lexicography; but in compiling a scientific manual of the language, these materials must be used with great caution. If the results of every inquirer's speculations were incorporated in such a manual it would be the most confused and contradictory book in the world. Nor, where rival views prevail to such an extent, should one inquirer, however eminent, be followed too closely. The greatest masters cannot be accepted as absolutely safe guides. Mr. Adams does not steer successfully amidst these difficulties. He does not even attempt to do so, avowing himself at the outset as the disciple of one master, whose views it is his highest ambition to expound, and illustrate. His chosen guide is the Professor of Comparative Grammar in University College, a philologist to whom the science is largely indebted, but who is at the same time responsible for a greater number of unverified philological hypotheses than perhaps any other inquirer of eminence. This may perhaps account for a crotchety and doubtful element which is found both in the facts and laws, in the etymology and syntax, of Mr. Adams's ‘Elements.’ Few except Prof. Key's disciples, for example, would give *pullen* as the plural of *foet*, and *ot* in *ballot* as a Gothic diminutive. And what does Mr. Adams mean by stating that “the subject is sometimes inaccurately repeated in the form of a pronoun”? Is the Scripture phrase, “The Lord he is God,” inaccurate? This alleged inaccuracy is in fact an idiom of the language, common enough in poetry, and not unfrequently employed for the sake of emphasis in prose. It is fair to add, that this questionable element occupies but a small space in the volume,—that Mr. Adams's expositions are in the main not only correct, but full, lucid, and concise. His volume will be useful to young students as a good introduction to the elaborate treatises on the subject.

Dr. Livingstone's Cambridge Lectures; together with a Prefatory Letter by the Rev. Prof. Sedgwick. Edited, with an Introduction, Life of Dr. Livingstone, Notes, and an Appendix, by the Rev. W. Monk. With a Portrait and Map—a larger Map granted especially for this Work; the whole Work being a Compendium of Information upon the Central South African Question. (Bell & Daldy).—This is a combination of book-making, well-wishing, puffing, and pseudo-philanthropy, as see title-page. Mr. Monk is a man of well-intentioned order, who cannot write, but is not ashamed to beg from Dr. Livingstone 47 pages, from Prof. Sedgwick 93 pages of writing, from the generosity of publishers,

editors, reporters, more or less help, and, last of all, from the good-natured, kind, and charitable public, individually, the small sum of 6s. 6d. in exchange for what he has industriously collected, and 181 pages of valuable appendix. The cause is good, but the effect bad,—and to be discouraged.

The Street Preacher; being the Autobiography of Robert Flockhart. Edited by Thomas Guthrie, D.D. (Edinburgh, Black).—The great preacher of Edinburgh has done an act of grace and nobility in editing a street preacher's life. Robert Flockhart was one of the volubilities of the old town of Edinburgh,—a Baptist, of rough military eloquence,—in the judgment of sensible magistrates and doctors, “daft.” Through sun or rain, in the street or on the steamboat, for forty or fifty years, with a great disregard of time or place, Robert appears to have preached. The course of his sermons did not run smooth. The authorities of the town arrested the preacher, and shaved his head,—religious vehemence in Scotland, England, and the United Kingdom being generally considered unestablished, and a nuisance. But Flockhart would preach. “You'll never attempt to preach in sic a night as this,” said a gudewife as the rain streamed down on the grey-headed old soldier.—“Whisht, woman,” was the answer, “and be thankful that the Lord's not raining down fire and brimstone on you and me out o' heaven.” The life is full of a strange, genuine, and, at times, grotesque interest.

Ex Oriente. Sonnets on the Indian Rebellion. (Chapman).—We have here a volume of newspaper paragraphs verified. The writer's plan has been to present the history of the first campaign against the Indian rebels in a long succession of rapidly dissolving views, and something of a bombardier spirit animates his effusions. He sings of arms and men, in what strain may be imagined, when it is added that he denounces the Government,—in a sonnet—for distributing “fatted cartridges,” and “his Lordship” for listening to the scheme of the Gaggling Act, although it is rhythmically admitted that “the act was never Canning's own.” Thus, a free and vigorous commentary is jingled over every conspicuous individual and event of the crisis, the colour of the “poetry” being generally as per sample:—

A rebel corps is risen, and away!
Some officers are murdered ere they go,
But though they fly with swift-foot, they're slow
To scape a people thirsting for their prey.
Like wild beasts hunted down, they stand at bay,
And then short shrift! Two hundred in a row
Stark murderers swinging, to the nation show
The price these rebels for their instincts pay.
Gibbets are scarcer, our stern Officials there
The features of the landscape turn to use;
And Punjabi trees a goodly fruitage bear,
Blistered by mid-day sun, and nightly dew.
There let them hang to feed the birds of air,
And to such miscreants, earth its grave refuse.

The Indian Sonnets are followed by twenty-four rendered in a far more graceful vein from Petrarch.

Pebbles and Shells. By Elizabeth Wilmshurst French. (Hardwicke).—Miss French is one of those who write in the conviction that “Poetry, to those who love it, is its own stimulant and its own reward.” Her composition is, therefore, impulsive, florid, and not a little transcendental. Avoiding the sin of monotony, however, she glides from blank verse to ballad, and her pebbles and shells rustle musically together as the limpid language flows over them. In one fragment an attempt is made, with some energy, to dramatize once more the death of Thomas à Becket; but in others it is on the Sea, on Clouds, on Life, on “For ever,” on Alcione, the Queen of Stars, that the young lady melodizes,—and then, changing the tune, she gives lyrical shape to a story concerning a fight between a crab and a child,—a story, indeed, with a most dismal conclusion.—

And she was sought,
And when that smooth, fair-seeming tide went down,
She lay on the wet sands with pallid face,
And long locks beaded with the white sea-foam,
Left, all unlit by the flickle wave,
Dead on the shore, stifled beneath its kiss.

But there are prettier pebbles and brighter shells in the collection.

Poems. By L. (Whitfield).—The ambition characteristic of these verses confers upon them what we may term a sonorous rotundity. They are

upon the conventional topics—Truth, Belshazzar's Feast, the Eolian Harp, Birds, Willows, and Freedom, mingled with those ambiguous fragments headed "Lines." L. has a devotional tendency, which characterizes most of her poems.

An eighteenth edition of Mr. Ralph Wornum's *Descriptive and Historical Catalogue of the Pictures in the National Gallery* has been published by Messrs. Spottiswoode, with revisions by Sir Charles Eastlake.—*The Royal Academy Review, a Guide to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts, 1858* (Day), contains notices of about two hundred works, freely and somewhat flippantly criticized "by the Council of Four."—Another miscellany referring to the Royal Academy Exhibition is *A Description and Key to the View of Ancient Rome*, with authorities for the restorations, by Arthur Aschapel (Stanford).—Mr. Mathew Arnold's *Oratio Anniversaria, in Memoriam Academicæ Oxoniensis* has been published, at Oxford, by Messrs. T. & G. Shrimpton.

—Mr. Thomas Martin has reprinted (Simpkin & Marshall) *An Address, delivered at a Surrey Educational Association, On the Teaching of the Elements of Physiology and the Laws of Health in Schools*.—*The Middle-Class Examinations* (Rose) is the title of a pamphlet by Mr. C. T. Hudson, Head-Master of the Bristol Grammar School, containing suggestions of difficulties and remedies.—*In The Primal Duties: or, Knowledge, Thought, and Action* (Gardner), Mr. Angus Macpherson illustrates his views on intellect and morals by a variety of pleasant biographical sketches.—Grouping another set of subjects, as treated in pamphlets, we have *The Rise and Progress of Whisky Drinking in Scotland*, by Duncan M'Laren (Oliphant & Sons).—*The Dwellings of the Poor*, by the Rev. Henry Leech (Heylin).—*Reading Lessons in Social Economy for the Use of Schools*, by Benjamin Templar (Jarrold & Son).—*A History of Co-operation in Rochdale*, by G. J. Holyoake (Holyoake & Co.), reprinted from a metropolitan journal.—*Work-houses and Women's Work*, also a republication (Longman & Co.).—*King Labour's Song Book*, by J. B. Leno (Truelove).—*The Agricultural and Social State of Ireland in 1858*, a paper read before the Dublin Royal Society, by Thomas Miller (Thom & Sons).—India still attracts the commentaries of pamphleteers, one of whom proposes, with a view to its good government, *A Periodic General Meeting of Representatives of the whole British Empire* (J. Blackwood).—Major R. W. Bird reprints *Two Lectures on the Indian Mutiny*, delivered at the Southampton Athenæum (Bosworth & Harrison).—*and Mr. F. W. Lewin A Memorandum on India, addressed from Singapore to Prince Metternich*, by Lieut.-Gen. Jochims, with a Preface (Stanford).—*The Government of India, as it has been, as it is, and as it ought to be* (Hardwicke), is anonymous.—*The Five P's* (Bosworth & Harrison) is a concatenation of dogmatic absurdity.—Other political topics are treated in *The Inherent Evils of State Government Demonstrated*, being a reproduction, with notes and an appendix, of Burke's 'Essay on National Society' (Holyoake & Co.),—and in a useful pamphlet by Mr. James Edwards, *Statistical Tables of the Population, Taxation, Number of Electors, Inhabited Houses, &c., in the United Kingdom* (Houlston & Wright).—*The Bank Charter Act of 1854* (Houlston & Wright) is an attack upon the existing currency system of the country.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Archbishop's Abing. of Cases on Poor Law, 1848—58, 8vo. 21s. cl.
Christina's Voice of Devotion, Pref. by Lettice, n. ed. 8vo. 3s. cl.
Compendium of Universal History, Part 3, 'Modern History,' 18mo. 5d. swd.; Part 4, '1,450 Questions on Universal History,' 18mo. 5d. swd.; 'Ancient and Modern,' 18mo. 5d. cl.
Constable's Ed. Series, 'Brewster's Household Economy,' 8vo. 9d. 3s.
Corwell & Fitch's Arithmetic for Beginners, Part 1, 18mo. 9d. swd.
Day's Juvenile Crime, its Causes, Character, and Cure, 10s. 6d. cl.
Glyde's, Jonathan, Memoir and Remains, ed. Conder, post 8vo. 6s.
Guerrazzi's Beatrice Cenci, translated by Scott, post 8vo. 3s. cl.
Guy's Joseph British Primer, 20th edit. 18mo. 6d. bds.
Hewley's The Great High Priest, 1857—gilt, r. 8vo. 28s.
Herschel's Outlines of Astronomy, 9th edit. 8vo. 18s. cl.
Hicks's Samuel, Memoir, by Everett, new edit. 18mo. 3s. cl.
I Want and I Will, by Author of 'Our Children,' 4to. 1s. 6d. bds.
James & Grassie's Dict. of Eng. & Italian Languages, 3d. ed. 8vo. 6s.
James & Mole's Dict. of Eng. & French Languages, 3d. ed. 8vo. 6s.
James's Gentleman of the Old School, new edit. 8vo. 1s. 6d. bds.
Know Thyself! a Reply to Wallis's 'Plea for Kentworth,' 8vo. 1s.
Land of Scott, The: or, Tourist's Guide to Abbotford, 18mo. 1s.
Low's Index to the Works of the Rev. John W. Jones, r. 8vo. 28s.
Macfarlane's History of British India, new edit. post 8vo. 5s. cl.
M'Phun's Pleasure Excursions to the Highlands, 32mo. 1s. swd.
M'Phun's Tourist's Guide to the Trossachs, 32mo. 1s. swd.
Monthly Herald, The, Vol. 1, cr. 8vo. 1s. swd.
Moore's Irish Melodies, with Accom. for Piano, Pt. 1, 4to. 1s. 3d. swd.
Nelson's School Series, No. 5, 'Reading Lessons,' 8vo. 1s. cl.

Nicol's Geol. Map of Scotland, with Topography by Johnston, 21s.
Noel, Baptist W., Sermons, Vol. 1, 8vo. 3s. cl.
Nothing to Wear, an Episode of City Life, 8vo. 3d. swd.
Parables of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, 18mo. 2s. 6d.
Payson's Leaves from Lakeland, cr. 8vo. 3s. cl.
Percival's Anatomy of the Horse, new edit. 8vo. 20s. cl.
Phillips's Law concerning Idiots, Lunatics, &c. 8vo. 18s. cl.
Plan for Military Reformation and Occupation of Mecca, 8vo. 1s. swd.
Quiggin's Illust. Guide through Isle of Man, 4th ed. Maps 2s. 6d. cl.
Raney's Art of Taming Horses, n. ed. with Illustr. 8vo. 3s. bds.
Royal Hotel Guide, 7th edit. cr. 8vo. 1s. swd.
Sister Rosalie, Life of, by Author of 'Tales of Kirkbooth,' 18mo. 1s.
Strickland's Lives of Queens of Scotland, Vol. 7, cr. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Timet's Tables for Conjugation of French Verbs, 2nd. 4to. 3s. swd.
Tindall's Grammar and Vocab. of Namaqua-Hottentot Lang. 5s.
Vade-Mecum for Tourists in France and Belgium, n. ed. 32mo. 1s.
Vidal's Home Trials, 18mo. 3s. cl.
Webster's Malvern and its Environs, 12mo. 1s. swd.
Winlow's Morning Thoughts, Jan. to June, n. ed. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.

SHAKESPEARE FOR FAMILY READING.

In 1818, a worthy physician, Thomas Bowdler, long retired from practice, and of the mature age of sixty-four, turned his attention to the fact, that our great dramatist is difficult to read in a family party, by reason of words and phrases and allusions which shock the modern ear. He accordingly published a work with this title, *The Family Shakespeare: in which Nothing is added to the Original Text, but those Words and Expressions are omitted which cannot with propriety be read in a Family*; and this work has kept its place down to our own day in various editions as the "expurgated Shakespeare." Having been casually led to examine it, we think a notice may be useful, accompanied by some remarks on the general subject. The most fastidious reader need not be alarmed by our topic: for we have nothing to do with the details of expurgation, further than to appeal to the distinction of objectionable and unobjectionable matter or phrase as one which every reader can make for himself.

We are not concerned with the question whether expurgation ought to be permitted, or whether, as some idolaters contend, a great author ought to be tolerated for ever in all which the taste of his age would consent to endure. We start from the known fact, that not one father nor mother in a hundred would propose it as the evening amusement of the family, that a daughter of fourteen should read Shakespeare aloud from a common text, without any omissions, before her parents, brothers, and sisters. Our great poet, so full of what the young might enjoy in common, is more of a solitary than a social occupation. Such is, and such will be, the fate of Shakespeare's writings, until an edition is produced which justifies the title of *expurgated* much better than Bowdler's.

If Shakespeare ever be, for a single moment, anything but a moral writer, it is either a mere slip, or a matter of opinion, or the necessary consequence of an historical plot. In Shakespeare, as in Jeremy Taylor, will occur this, that, or the other sentence, on which a question of tendency might arise. But no leader of minds who ever wrote stands more clear of the imputation of making wrong right and right wrong. The objections which the Puritans made to his writings are tolerably well represented by Walter Scott's Trusty Tomkins—"Seeks a wife a foul example for adultery, here she shall find it; would a man know how to train his fellow to be a murderer, here shall he find tutoring; would a lady marry a heathen negro, she shall have chronicled example for it, &c." If "chronicled example" mean "recorded instance," and no more, then the Old Testament would have been as obnoxious to the Independent's censure as the dramatist. But the first charge is a failure: Shakespeare never created a faithless wife. Such a thing is very rare in the historical plays, and does not occur elsewhere, unless, which is very dubious, the disgusting Tamora be really from the pen of Shakespeare. Even Hamlet's mother and Lady Faulconbridge deceive no husbands in the play.

In considering the expurgation of Shakespeare, there are two things to be distinguished. First,

the mere words and phrases in plots the details of which offer no difficulty. This is very easy work. It depends somewhat upon the age and country. We would not intrust it to the lady who put muslin trousers on the legs of her pianoforte; but these are extreme cases, trousers and lady both. All might be struck out or amended which would not be tolerated between father and daughter in jocular conversation,—and there would not be much to expunge; but what there is would most of it be beyond question.

The second and more difficult point relates to those plays in which the features of life on which family readings cannot dwell are so wrought into the theme that the play cannot be expurgated without injury to the plot. Of thirty-seven dramas attributed to Shakespeare there are but nine on which this difficulty arises, and in very unequal degrees. They are the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Measure for Measure*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *All's Well that ends Well*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Cymbeline*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Pericles*, *Othello*. These should form a volume or volumes by themselves, as the plays less fit to be read in a family circle, or the plays to be read aloud by the father only, who will know how to deal with them. Expurgation of language is here needless: omission of words is mere squeamishness, except where it carries dismissal of things, and leaves the sentence as inoffensive in meaning as in phrase. We know what a laugh has been raised against editors who put the objectionable parts by themselves; but there is a distinction to draw. When the object was to debar school-boys from access to improper passages, the collection of these passages in one place was not a promising plan. But when all that is wanted is to separate the unreadable from the readable, it is altogether a different case.

Bowdler's edition is faulty in every particular. So little was he fit for his task, as to language, that his own prefatory introductions could not, in all cases, be read aloud in a family. Some of his niceties are contemptible: such, for example, as changing "Lord" into "Oh" in Puck's "Lord! what fools these mortals be." But there is one instance, so rich in its character, and so queer in its result, that we shall, as it happens that we can, give it at length: and this instance, with its sequence, to which we can only allude, will be a sufficient specimen of the book.

In *All's Well that ends Well*, when Helena is taking leave of the irritated husband whom she has just obtained by an exercise of royal power, she begs, in what some of our cousins over the water would call a *slantendicular* way, for a parting kiss. This is intolerable: it cannot be read aloud in a family that a wife asks a kiss of her husband; what young people ever saw Mamma so conduct herself towards Papa? So Mr. Bowdler omits the *corpus delicti*, and leaves it as follows, by striking out the lines which we have put in brackets.—

HELENA. Pray, sir, your pardon.

BERTRAM. Well, what would you say?

HEL. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe, Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is, But like a timorous thief, most fain would steal What law does vouch mine own.

BERTRAM. What would you have?

HEL. Something, and scarce so much;—nothing, indeed. I would not tell you what I would; my lord, 'faith, yes; Strangers and foes do murder and not kiss.]

BERTRAM. I pray you stay not, but in haste to horse.

In the next scenes come the conditions under which Bertram is to acknowledge his wife, expressed in terms which modern decorum does not tolerate. But Bowdler gives them at the fullest length.

We are satisfied that the field is open for a properly expurgated edition of our great dramatist; and if those who are interested in Bowd-

ler's edition do not make it what it ought to be, we trust that a rival will spring up.

GEORGE COMBE.

George Combe has passed from among us, full of years and of good reputation, and leaving behind him a pleasant memory and a bright example. A score of years ago, thousands were discussing his 'Constitution of Man,' a book which may still be studied with profit, for many of its useful suggestions have not yet had their well-merited practical realization. Through improvement of the public health Mr. Combe not only aimed at, but effected improvement of the public morals. He helped man to self-dignity, and with that aid enabled him to rely on himself to advance further and higher. He was a quiet but a zealous worker for the benefit of his fellows; an unostentatious but a determined preacher, teacher, and practitioner; an often unsuccessful but the most persevering of philosophers in establishing his peculiarly useful tenets. This instruction and example have carried with them rich fruits, and further results, not less valuable, will yet be reaped by those who may be brought to listen to, and put in practice, the simple rules laid down by Mr. Combe. Of some of his notions, mankind may have more or less favourable opinions, but of his principles which taught men to respect the body, by purity, cleanliness, exercise, and moderation, there can be but one opinion,—a confession of their excellence. He knew that after such respect men would have all the greater regard for their souls. He was not the first who taught this, but he was the first who taught it simply and cheaply to the multitude; and he is more worthy of proud and affectionate remembrance for thus preserving life in health, than are the greatest of soldiers most famous for the destruction of thousands of their kind. The good old man will be missed and regretted by friends and admirers in every quarter of the world.

We may add to the above, that, by financial writers, Mr. Combe was esteemed as "one of the clearest expositors of monetary science." To this gentleman and to Lord Overstone are ascribed the merit of having, by their external aid, helped those who were engaged in tracing the late crisis to the social corruption in which it had its source, and we are told that by this assistance the Act of Sir Robert Peel was maintained in full force. Mr. Combe, on the occasion referred to, exhibited his great power in various pamphlets and in articles contributed to the *Scotsman* newspaper; and this power, we are further informed, "was derived simply from his bringing each aspect of it to the test of the moral laws enforced in his work on the 'Constitution of Man.'" And yet he had never been trained in commercial or banking pursuits; an "inflexible adherence to first principles," and a healthy disregard of mere expediency, were the secrets of his power. His works, especially his 'Travels in America,' were in their time very popular, and furnished too no small amount of matter for controversy. Mr. Combe was born, we are told by our contemporaries, in 1788, and married to a daughter of Mrs. Siddons in the year 1833. The chief part of his life was passed in Edinburgh, where during five-and-twenty years he followed the profession of Writer to the Signet,—and where, not merely from his position and philosophies, but also from his personal qualities, he exercised great social influence—this, be it remembered, during the palmy days of Edinburgh society.

BALLET LITERATURE.—FREDERIC M. A. VENUA.

To the frequenters of the Opera from, we can hardly say when commencing, to some thirty odd years ago, and especially to the admirers of Ballet and ballet music, the above-named gentleman will yet be well remembered. At the period to which we refer, Mr. Venua was the young and able leader of the ballet-orchestra. He had studied music under able masters. At the *Conservatoire*, he was the pupil of the celebrated violin player, Baillet; was subsequently instructed in composition by Peter Winter; and he early became known as a skilful composer, and an able and graceful executant. There was a time when the "King's Theatre"

rarely produced a ballet the music for which was not supplied or arranged by Mr. Venua. Among these may be named, 'Aline,' 'La Paysanne Supposée,' 'Le Prince Troubadour,' 'Le Père et l'Hamadryade,' 'La Forêt aux Aventures,' but above all, Didelot's Anacreontic ballet, 'Zéphyr Inconstant, puni et fixé,' the sparkling, graceful and expressive music of which, composed by Mr. Venua, had an European reputation throughout theatres and drawing-rooms, and may still be occasionally heard in the same ballet, under its name of 'Flore et Zéphyr.' The earlier days to which we now refer were days in which constructors of ballets, like Didelot, Hullin, Armand Vestris, Deshayes, and their light-limbed and imaginative brethren, assumed rank as though they were the benefactors of mankind. A glance back at old-fashioned Ballet Literature shows to us again these pleasantly-arrogant personages writing prefaces to their dancing stories and dramas, with a grave, earnest profundity worthy of volumes on the longitude or essays on the differential calculus. In most cases these introductory documents or manifestoes are signed after the style of the Peerage,—a single name giving force and dignity, as it were, to the perplexing wisdom and magnificent use and abuse of words in the preceding preface. How proudly modest, so to speak, is the assertion of "HULLIN," in his wonderful preface to the 'Sultan Généreux,' that "jaloux de satisfaire la noblesse, les souscripteurs, et le public, je désire sortir du cercle banal où roulent les idées de Ballet, et produire des scènes analogues à l'esprit de la nation." How finely discriminating is this division of aristocracy, subscribers, and the public, of whom, it is thus gently hinted, that they do not form a part! How impressive the observation of Hullin, that he is about to tread out of the vulgar circle in which ballet-ideas roll, and produce matter "analogous to the national spirit"! And then, this analogy is illustrated by the very original conception of a shepherdess attracting the love and winning the hand of the disguised son of a sultan, who is uncommonly angry, in a *pas d'action*, at the news, cuts off the young couple with a shilling in an indignant *pas seul*, and at last, learning the virtues of the lady, and convinced of her worthiness of being elevated near the throne, by the graceful way in which she faints at the foot of it, joins in a touching *pas de trois* of reconciliation; and thus exquisitely terminates a scene supposed to be analogous to the spirit of the British nation, in the year 1819!

As writers, there was as much difference between Hullin and Didelot as there was in their character of ballet masters. The former mixes up a vast amount of affected modesty with his pretensions; the latter, conscious of his grand genius, dares to assert it without reserve, and is not only bold enough to exhibit the caprices of an astounding genius, but also to magniloquently justify them. We pass over Didelot's allusion, in the preface to his Anacreontic ballet, to his invention of an entirely novel aerial "flight" of Zephyr,—but we are compelled to pause, with a certain respect, while the incomparable master touches on the subject of his having re-produced in his new piece some "ideas" which he had employed in a ballet of earlier date. He has repeated himself, certainly, he says, and he hints that he is very condescending, in making any reflections at all on this subject,—"but," adds the splendid creature, "in repeating myself, I have only resembled men of great talents in more than one class of composition. Besides," he adds, "would it not be better to fall into this defect than to be guilty of plagiarism!" (or "que de vivre de rapine," as the French text, *en regard*, more forcibly puts it,) "like as many inferior authors ('talents médiocres') who enrich themselves by the productions of authors whilst their own are of no value!" How wretchedly this must have been felt by the "inferior" English ballet masters, whose stolen ideas were put into gauze and white tights on the stages of the Olympic and the Sans Pareil! Decidedly, Didelot had, at least, the confidence of genius; and Angiolini and Armand Vestris, the one coy and the other ardent, when they met in a pantomime of passion in a "bois agréable et une campagne

riante," must have felt that they had been sent thither, wings, flowers, and all, by an unapproachable master in his art.

We will only further notice in connexion with Ballet Literature of the old days of the King's Theatre, that from the original French and translated programmes of what was passing on the stage, not a few of the audience took lessons in language. That they were exposed to take little by their lessons may be seen by an example which presents itself in one page on casually opening *La Double Épreuve*—"Recevez cette écharpe," dit Mathilde, "comme un gage de *matendresse*." "Et vous aussi, Joconde, ce médaillon, sous appartient." "Le Bailli s'approche en *trablant*,"—four errors in three lines. The French of Stratford-atte-Bowe could not have been of worse quality.

But whatever the quality of the letter-press, a man with memories of the gay and somewhat dissipated old times will not be able to turn over his collection of ballet-books without the feeling expressed in the half-roystering, half-melancholy song of Capt. Morris:—

There's many a lad I knew, now dead,

And many a lass grown old—

and yet a reference to the persons of the drama registered at the head of each ballet of from thirty to fifty years ago reminds us, that if the curtain has descended finally on many of the actors, there are not a few still living, and daily to be met in the highways of London and Paris. We look over a heap of these books, and we see those set down as youthful gods and slender nymphs *then*, who are now very corpulent old gentlemen, and excessively rotund old ladies, with swelled legs and a shakiness of gait. In times gone by, these waited to exhibit the graces of their forms and the mute eloquence of their pantomime, upon the arm and bow of Frederic Venua. What says the rhymester, on Opera wonders?—

And I have seen a troop of gods,
(It really was a sight entrancing)
All mute and motionless, like clouds,
Till Venua's *archet* set them dancing.

The years are many since Mr. Venua withdrew from the public eye that used to greet him at the Opera; but they have not been unprofitable years either to others or to himself. Since he retired from the ballet orchestra he has been actively engaged, chiefly as a professor of music, in the county of Berks, and its vicinity. Occasionally, we have heard of him playing in presence of Her Majesty, at Windsor, and at all the celebrated musical festivals his name has appeared among the leading executants. His public career, as a professor, Mr. Venua brought to a close on Monday last, by two farewell (morning and evening) concerts, given in the Town Hall, Reading. This career is worth noticing in connexion with our subject of ballet literature, because of its great success. Many a renowned professor has made wanton shipwreck of his fortunes; but here we see a modest but able man realizing a fortune by industry and perseverance, and rallying around him, at his leave-taking with the public, a host of patrons, from Royalty downwards, whose names or presence attested their estimation of the integrity and worth of the *bénéficiaire*. On the occasions alluded to, Mr. Balfe conducted, and the principal members of the tuneful quire who are to perform at the approaching Festivals appeared, and sang or played their best. We do not pretend to report these concerts; but we avail ourselves of the opportunity to congratulate the bearer of a name which is on the title-page of so many ballets, that his long and modest public career has been brought to so gratifying a close, and that health as well as fortune and good name are with him in pleasant companionship.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

OUR predecessors of fourscore years ago and upwards had a droll way of communicating important literary intelligence. We are reminded of this by the interest which still attaches itself to the authorship of JUNIUS. One of the many discoveries, not of *the*, but of *another*, real author is thus pleasantly announced by the editor of the *Gazetteer*, of January 24, 1774. "The celebrated JUNIUS is at last discovered to be the Rev. Phil. B.—gen. He was originally a great acquaintance of Mr. Horne's, and a

contemporary of his at Cambridge. Mr. R—gen was there celebrated, above all others, for his classical abilities. Mr. R—gen was in London during the whole time of Junius's publication, for a considerable time before and ever since he has been abroad. He is now resident at Orleans, in France, where he cuts a very conspicuous appearance, having married a very beautiful and accomplished young lady, sister of the celebrated Mrs. Grosvenor; nor does he make it any secret where he resides that he is the author of Junius." The circumstantiality, the logic, and the clearness of identity are exquisite.

A paragraph from an American paper concerning Mr. Murray and Dr. Livingstone has been reproduced by one journal in this country. As there is an error therein, we hasten to correct it before the paragraph goes the usual round. "Murray, the publisher," thus runs the passage, "undertook to give Livingstone 2,000l. out of the proceeds of the first edition of 12,000 copies. When the second edition was called for, the publisher wrote to the author that he should have a third of the profits." The facts, however, are, that Mr. Murray did not calculate possible proceeds, but paid 2,000 guineas at once;—and that, instead of promising one-third of the profits of future editions, undertook to pay two-thirds.

Mr. Faed has forwarded to us the following letter, which needs no introduction:—

"Cavendish Road, St. John's Wood, August 20.
"As I find that my correspondence with Miss Burdett Coutts on the picture 'Home and the Homeless,' referred to by Lord Lyndhurst in his recent speech in the House of Lords, and remarked upon in various journals, is still a subject of some misunderstanding in artistic and other circles, I propose to appeal from explanations to facts—to the only evidence, indeed, that can be perfectly satisfactory to all parties, that of the picture and the sketch themselves. I am an artist, not a writer; my pictures were painted for publicity, my letters were not written for publicity. I would appeal, therefore, to my works as my justification, and as soon as the two works can be obtained I will place them in a public gallery, and invite the public and the profession to judge whether they justify the allusions and the controversies which have gathered about them. They will, I trust, be ready for exhibition in a few days.

"I am, &c., THOMAS FAED."

The following will not be uninteresting to those who have followed the controversy on the Portrait of Addison.—"I have just purchased a book entitled 'The Poetical Register; or, the Lives and Characters of all the English Poets, with an Account of their Writings; adorned with curious Sculptures engraved by the best Masters,' 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1723. The first of these biographies is that of 'Joseph Addison, Esq.,' and is accompanied by an engraved portrait of that author by 'M. Vde. Crucht,' from the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller. Now, this portrait corresponds with the more modern engravings from the painting by Sir G. Kneller, the identity of which is in dispute, and must have been engraved less than four years after Addison's death. I am not aware whether this is known to those interested in the controversy respecting the Holland House picture, but if it be not, it may perhaps be thought worthy of consideration whether a portrait of Sir Andrew Fountain is likely to have been published by a writer contemporary with Addison for that of Addison himself.

E. J. G."

The Report of the proceedings of the Observatory Committee of the Philosophical Institute of Victoria is before us. The Committee renew their recommendations for the establishment of an observatory, provided with a reflecting telescope of large optical power, for the examination of the nebule of the Southern Hemisphere. After going into the matter of expense, the Report states, that as "a large part of the work of a meteorological observatory would form part of the astronomical observatory, it would require no addition to the staff of assistants if the set of meteorological instruments were rendered complete by the addition of a self-registering anemometer, an apparatus for determining the electrical state of the atmosphere,

and a few minor instruments. No observations have yet been made in the colony for the determination of the electrical state of the atmosphere, and as there is reason to believe that this is intimately connected with the prevalence of dust-storms, and as it undoubtedly exercises an important influence on the progress of vegetation, we consider its examination of great importance." On the subject of a magnetic survey of this colony, the Report has a paragraph of more than local interest. "A gentleman is now in Melbourne, with instruments supplied for that purpose by the King of Bavaria, who has both liberally maintained a well-known fixed observatory at Munich, and also caused his kingdom to be surveyed. This gentleman has had a share in the latter work, and is well qualified for the employment. We hope that the Colonial Government will not allow a foreign prince to do a work for us which other Governments have done for themselves, but will both purchase the instruments and be at the whole expense of the survey, taking advantage of the knowledge and experience of Prof. Neumeyer, should he be willing to enter into such an arrangement."

Songs have seldom been employed but for more or less useful or agreeable purposes. An exception presents itself in a case at the Dutch town of Tilborg, the populace of which, a fortnight ago, broke out into insurrection, because the local authorities would not allow some vocal members of the mob to sing a song highly insulting to a resident family. It took fifty armed soldiers to suppress the outbreak, and the returns of the fray are, two killed, several wounded, and many taken prisoners.

The *Spener'sche Zeitung* contains the following communication from the pen of Alexander von Humboldt:—"The friendship of many years' standing, with which I am honoured by Sir Woodbine Parish (the excellent author of the description of the provinces of Rio de la Plata), has just transmitted to me the sad news of the death of my dear American fellow-traveller, Aimé Bonpland, according to the newspapers of Buenos Ayres, died on the 4th of May, in the province of Corrientes. The inhabitants of that province, as well as the British community of Buenos Ayres, announce their intention to erect a monument to the gifted, industrious, and bold naturalist."

The book-puffing advertisers in Paris have tried a fall with an independent paper and have got grievously bruised. It appears that Lebigre & Co. recently published 'Les Conspireurs en Angleterre,' by C. de Bussy, and committed the care of advertising the same to the house of Bigot & Co., which undertakes this species of work. The book was advertised in several papers, and these papers also inserted a *réclame*, or puff, in another column, of which the following, printed in the *Constitutionnel*, is a very nice specimen:—"The Conspirators in England, 1848—1858,' by C. de Bussy. Such is the title of a strange and mysterious work, the singular revelations in which are now producing the most lively sensation throughout Europe." This, of course, was perfectly untrue, and the *Presse* refused to insert a similar, and even a modified, paragraph. Thereupon, Lebigre & Co., deeming that they had a right, on payment, to compel the insertion of the puff in question, and declaring that the work was injured by the refusal, brought the *Presse* into court and claimed 10,000 francs damages! The award, however, was adverse to the puffers, who were also condemned in costs of suit.

Devotion, gratitude, and an eye to business are excellent things in their separate ways, but some combinations of them present a ludicrous aspect. For example: there is a house near the sea-shore, at Genoa, on the front of which stands a figure of the Madonna, placed there out of thankfulness by the landlord that when the cholera was raging, most of the people in the street were killed except himself! The statue cost more than the landlord expected, but he has erected it, nevertheless, and he immediately raised the rent of all his lodgers in order to help him to pay the bill. There were two of them: one a Protestant and the other a Jew. Both declared that they were exceedingly gratified that the cholera had overlooked them, but that they had nothing to say to the share of the Madonna in

it. The landlord stood up for his rights and his devotion, and he succeeded in raising the rent, as he had the statue.

The 'Guards' Memorial,' we are now assured, for which a site was first proposed in Hyde Park and afterwards in St. James's Park, will be, as now definitely settled, at the bottom of Regent Street, in Waterloo Place, facing Pall Mall.—On a similar subject, a Correspondent suggests—"In case of the Consistory Court in St. Paul's being adhered to as the site of the Wellington Memorial) that the sarcophagus containing the remains of the great Duke should form part of it.—That the centre part of what, in that case, will be the Wellington Chapel, should be sunk down into a vault, or, in other words, opened into the crypt, and is well qualified for the employment. We hope that the Colonial Government will not allow a foreign prince to do a work for us which other Governments have done for themselves, but will both purchase the instruments and be at the whole expense of the survey, taking advantage of the knowledge and experience of Prof. Neumeyer, should he be willing to enter into such an arrangement."

On the subject of Artistic Copyright Law, Mr. John Leighton—after remarking that "In the law as sought to be amended by the Committee of the Society of Arts it is proposed to afford photographers protection for their works"—expresses his conviction "that the siter ought to have some vested right in the image of himself to prevent hawkers and petty dealers exposing portraits of persons without their consent, making what is often intended to be private public; in posthumous portraits and some others the results might be truly distressing. A magistrate at one of our police courts has justified the destruction of an 'over-exposed' positive portrait, whilst in Paris the painful affair of Rachel's picture was only prevented in time. These two cases show that some exception ought to, and must, be made between the portrait-painter and the photographer—between a work of Art and circumstance. Surely more right ought to be vested in the portrait-painter, who may put the spirit of twenty photographs in one picture, than the perpetrator of a chemical result, who can barely give one phase, and that perchance an unfortunate one. The great thing to be done will be to take care that photographic portraits of persons be not published without the consent of the individual, which would in many cases be granted. It was the wish of the Committee that portraits should be excepted, and it was only at the eleventh hour that the clause relating to them was struck out at the suggestion of an eminent portrait-painter, who, in seeking protection for his own department, included results akin to Art—though not necessarily of Art, or artists."

An Irish Correspondent, who claims that the name of Maturin may find the place it deserves among the Irish writers to be enrolled in the next edition of Mr. Jeaffreson's 'Novels and Novelists,' adds a characteristic trait of Scott. Maturin, he says, "corresponded with Scott—there was constant literary feeling between them; and when that prince of modern novelists visited Dublin, he paid a visit of condolence to Maturin's widow, when, among other kind things, that most amiable man offered to be himself the Editor of her late husband's works, if she wished it."

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY, with a Collection of Pictures by Ancient Masters and deceased British Artists, is OPEN DAILY from Ten to Six, and WILL CLOSE on SATURDAY, the 29th of August.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.
GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Patron—H.R.H. the PRINCE CONSORT.—NEW DISSOLVING VIEWS.—View of CHERBOURG, its DOCKS, FORTIFICATIONS, &c., commencing a *Penetration—THAT THROUGH FRANCE*.—CHEMISTRY, its Mysteries Experimentally Unveiled, by Mr. E. V. GARDNER.—DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—Food, its Adaptations.—LECTURE on ENGLISH RAILROAD MUSIC, by T. PEAR, Esq., assisted by Miss FREEMAN.—DEMONSTRATIONS of INVENTIONS—the ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH CABLE, &c.—Principles of DIVING and DIVING BELLS elucidated.—HYDRO-OXYGEN MICROSCOPE, with its Aquatic Monitors.—LECTURE on NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, by Mr. KING.—The LABORATORY is NOW OPEN for ANALYSES, TUFFS, &c., under the direction of Mr. E. V. GARDNER, Professor of Chemistry.—Admission, 1s.; Schools and Children under ten years of age, Half-price.

NOW ON VIEW, at the FRENCH GALLERY, 125, Pall Mall, "THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD," by W. Holman Hunt.—The Prescribed Royalist, by J. E. Millais, A.R.A.—Illustrations of Hood's Poems, by the Junior Etching Club—and J. F. Cropsey's American Scenery.—Admission, 1s.

Dr. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM, 3, Tichbourne Street, opposite the Haymarket, Open Daily (for Gentlemen only).—Lectures by Dr. Sexton at Four and Eight o'clock, on important and interesting topics in connection with Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology (vide Programmes). Admission, 1s.—Dr. Kahn's Nine Lectures on the Philosophy of Marriage, &c., sent post free direct from the Author on the receipt of twelve stamps.

SCIENCE

The Story of a Boulder; or, Gleanings from the Note-Book of a Field Geologist. By Archibald Geikie. (Edinburgh, Constable & Co.; London, Hamilton & Co.)

THIS is an attempt to popularize Geology. The author seats himself in a ravine, three miles south-west of Edinburgh, overshadowed by a thick growth of beech and elm, and traversed beneath by a stream, which, rising far away among the southern hills, winds through the rich champaign country of Mid-Lothian. He observes on the opposite side a large boulder, or travelled stone, partly embedded in a stiff clay, and partly protruding from the surface of the bank somewhat above the stream. He climbs the bank, and perches himself upon the boulder itself, doing as Wordsworth describes his geologist:—

He who with pocket hammer smites the edge
Of luckless rock or prominent stone, disguised
In weather-stains, or crusted o'er by nature
With her first growths, detaching by the stroke
A chip or splinter, to resolve his doubts.

It is the presumed geological history of this very boulder which Mr. Geikie resolves to record. Here is simply a mass of hard grey sandstone, finely laminated above, and pebbly and conglomeritic below. The pebbles are well worn, and belonged to various kinds of rocks. The upper part of the block is all rounded, smoothed, and deeply grooved; and when split open, displays numerous stems and leaflets of plants converted into a black coaly substance. These plants are easily recognizable as specimens of the vegetation of the carboniferous or coal-bearing strata; while the pebbles below must have been derived from some more ancient rocks, and are thus representatives of some older geological formation.

Such is the author's stony text, and from it he discourses well, widely, and on the whole correctly. His text, however, like that of many a preacher, is a mere motto, or peg on which to hang a series of descriptions. With such a text any tolerable geologist can sermonize on stones by the hour or the day or the year. In like manner our author sermonizes, and travels much further than his boulder would warrant. Off he starts amongst the icebergs of the glacial period, describing them as they grate along the sea-bottom, and deposit mud, which geologists term "boulder-clay," and masses of rounded, scratched, or grooved rocks which they name "boulders." When this book came to our hands, we had just returned from a far more remarkable aggregation of boulders than any our author appears to have beheld,—viz., those perched up in sundry steepes in the magnificent Pass of Llanberis in North Wales. For several days we have climbed and crawled, hammer in hand, up the sides of the Pass, discovering longitudinal grooves running in the directions of the main valley, and sometimes transversely,—examining the remains of moraine heaps, and bestriding the rounded bosses of rock polished by the sanded bottoms of the ancient glaciers. Some of them are but a few yards in breadth, others form knolls and hills and little mountains; while high above these may be discerned huge blocks of stone perched up in situations where water would never have left them, and

where only gradually melting ice could have landed them,—threatening for thousands of years past, and about to threaten for thousands of years to come, to fall momentarily upon the heads of devoted pedestrians beneath. If an author wishes to observe and describe glacial action, let him repair at once to the passes and valleys of North Wales, especially to the vale of Nant Francon, and the whole vicinity of Llanberis and the sides of Snowdon. When compared with boulders there, Mr. Geikie's little Scotch boulder would be as a marble to a large hill, and his pet ravine, when matched with the Pass of Llanberis, as a narrow little garden-walk to a bold and magnificent highway.

As a Scotchman our author is an enthusiastic admirer of Scotch scenery, and all his geology is based upon his beloved native mountains and masses. He proceeds to the several interesting points of speculation naturally arising out of the theory of glacial action, denudation by streams and atmospheric agencies, and the changes of land surface. He compares the cycles of the astronomer and the geologist, and then returns to his beloved boulder and its markings of plants. These give rise to some remarks upon, and illustrations of, the principal coal-plants, which we should have omitted as having been amply and popularly treated of by others. The article in the 'Penny Cyclopædia' on coal-plants is far better, and the descriptions in elementary manuals render other popular attempts superfluous; not to speak of Hugh Miller's notices in his 'Testimony of the Rocks.'

Few of our early fossil *Fauna* furnish better themes for popular description than the carboniferous, and the book before us includes two chapters upon the shells and fishes of this series. Here, again, the author is almost exclusively Scotch. Some of the most interesting shells of the mountain limestone (as the Bellerophons of Kendall and Ireland), and some of the most remarkable fish—remains (as those from the Black Rock at Clifton) are undescribed; yet fine specimens of these are in the British, the Bristol, and other Museums. The reader will scarcely gather from this book a true conception of the wonderfully rich, and beautifully preserved, and sharply defined series of fossils extracted from the mountain limestone quarries of England and Ireland. It is true, indeed, that a large volume would be necessary to the explanation and illustration of the carboniferous *Fauna* alone, and we must remember that Mr. Geikie only bestows a passing and hasty glance upon them.

The sand and gravel of his boulder lead the author to speak of the mechanical operations of nature, and of the endless succession and perpetual interchanges of natural processes both in dead rocks and organized frames. Nothing new comes from the author's pen in these remarks; but he occasionally displays a power of description which is favourably illustrated by the following observations upon the desolation, waste, and rugged grandeur of some of our granitic districts.

"The tourist who has visited any of our granitic districts, such as the south-western parts of Cornwall, the rugged scenery of Arran, or the hills of the Aberdeenshire Highlands, must be familiar with some of the forms of waste which the rocks of these regions display. Mouldering blocks, poised sometimes on but a slender base, and eaten away into the most fantastic shapes, abound in some localities, while in other parts, as for instance at the summit of Goatfell in Arran, the rock weathers into a sort of rude masonry, and stands out in its nakedness and ruin like some crumbling relic of Cyclopean art. In other districts, as in Skye and in the adjoining island of Raasay, the granitic hills are of a still more mouldering material. Their

summits, white and bald, sometimes rise to a height of fully two thousand feet above the sea, while down their sides are spread long reddish-yellow tracks of debris intermingled with patches of stunted herbage. Every winter adds to the waste, and lengthens the lines of rubbish. Some of these hills form a good field wherein to study the disintegration of granitic rocks, such, for instance, as Beinn na Cailleach, that rises from the shores of Broadford Bay. Around the eastern base of that mountain there stretches a flat moory district, with a few protruding blocks that have rolled down into the plain. The earlier part of the ascent lies over a region of metamorphic limestone, where the grey weathered masses of the calcareous rock, often like groups of mouldering tombstones, are seen protruding in considerable numbers through the rich soft grass and the scanty brushwood of hazel and fern. Leaving this more verdant zone, we enter a district of brown heath that slowly grows in desolation as we ascend. Huge blocks of syenite—a granitic rock of which the upper part of the mountain entirely consists—cumber the soil in every direction, and gradually increase in numbers till the furze can scarcely find a nestling-place, and is at last choked altogether. Then comes a scene of utter desolation. Grey masses of rock of every form and size are piled upon each other in endless confusion. Some of them lie buried in debris, others tower above each other in a rude sort of masonry, while not a few perched on the merest point seem but to await the storms of another winter to hurl them down into the plain. The ascent of such a region is no easy task, and must not unfrequently be performed on hands and knees. But once at the top, the view is enough to compensate a tenfold greater exertion. Far away to the west, half sunk in the ocean, lie the isles of Eigg, Coll, and Tiree, with the nearer mountains of Rum. North-west, are the black serrated peaks of the Coolins, that stand out by themselves in strange contrast with every other feature of the landscape. Northward, stretches the great range of syenitic hills, with the sea and the northern Hebrides beyond. Away to the east, across the intervening strait, lie the hills of the mainland, with all their variety of form and outline, and all their changing tints, as the chequered light and shade glide athwart the scene."

In referring to the mechanical forces constantly at work in the disintegration of rocks—such as rains, frosts, and the abrading power of rivers, the writer rises above his usual level in anticipating a yet unwritten volume.—

"What a delightful volume might be written about the geology of rivers! It would, perhaps, begin with that 'great river,' the Euphrates, along whose green banks lay the birthplace of the human race, tracing out the features of its progress from the ravines and cataracts of Armenia, with all their surrounding relics of ancient Art, down into the plains of Assyria, amid date-palms and Arab villages, onwards to the mounds of Nineveh and Babylon, and thence to the waters of the Persian Gulf. Well-nigh as remote, and perhaps still more interesting in its human history, would be the story of the Nile. We should have to follow that river from the mystic region of its birth, marking the character of the rocks through which winds its earlier channel, and the effects upon them of the floods of untold centuries; it would be needful, too, to note the influence of the waters on the lower grounds, from where the stream flows over the cataracts of Syene, down through the alluvial plains of Egypt; and lastly, the concluding and perhaps most onerous part of our labour would be the investigation of the delta, marking its origin and progress, its features in ancient times, as made known to us in the graphic chapters of Herodotus, and the changes which the lapse of more than twenty centuries has since wrought in its configuration. The rivers of Europe would detain us long, not less perhaps by their historic interest than by the variety and attractiveness of their physical phenomena. One could scarce help lingering over the Rhine, with its source among Alpine glaciers, its lakes and gorges, its castles and antique towns; and when once the narrative entered the classic ground of Italy, it would, perhaps, become more antiquarian than

geological. The ravine of Tivoli, for instance, would certainly lay claim to a whole chapter for itself, with its long-continued river action, its ancient travertine, its beautiful calcareous incrustations, and above all its exquisite scenery."

This part of his little book contains some of the author's best writing, although the facts are due for the most part to Sir Charles Lyell's 'Principles of Geology' and De la Beche's works, which Mr. Geikie has carefully and praiseworthy studied.

The aforesaid boulder is now made conveniently to roll into, or rather to have rolled out of, a coal-field; and now we have a couple of chapters on Coal Deposits—at least, the Scotch coal-deposits, and especially that of Mid-Lothian. This has been so well described by other and superior observers, that we find nothing here to detain us, although the principal features of the deposit are clearly and prominently noted. His reasoning upon its probable formation is sound, and marks a thoughtful student of the local phenomena. We quite agree with him as to the valueless character of attempts to estimate the amount of time which some of our coal-fields may have required for their accumulation. In truth, we know almost nothing of the climate of the carboniferous period, or of the rate of growth peculiar to the carboniferous Flora, or of the rapidity of the process of decay. It is well said that, owing to the variation of conditions, one seam of coal two feet thick might represent the accumulation of a hundred years, while another of the same thickness might stand as the accumulation of a thousand years; nor can the mere thickness of a coal-seam be held as a certain guide to the lapse of time required for its formation, until we learn much more than we now know of the vegetation and climate of the coal-producing era. All we can at present affirm is, that the required time must have been immense as compared with human eras. In his conclusion of this portion of his book, the writer's pictorial power is well displayed.—

"In fine, the evidence of these ancient changes in the history of the Mid-Lothian coal-field is derived, as we have seen, from two sets of facts: first, those of a mechanical and, second, those of an organic kind—the one class explaining and confirming the other. Beginning our investigation at the horizon of the Burdiehouse limestone, we saw the curtain rise slowly from off a wide estuary, in which there gambolled large bone-covered fishes, while huge pine-trees—branchless and bare, seed-cones, fern-fronds, and twigs of club-moss, floated slowly away out to sea. The panorama moved on, and brought before us the ocean-bed of the Roman Camp limestone, with its groves of stone-lilies and bunches of coral; its tiny shells moored to the bottom, or creeping slowly athwart the limy floor, or spreading out their many arms, and rising or sinking at will. This picture passed slowly away, and then came the delta of the Edge coals, with its sand-banks and ever-shifting currents, its stigmata swamps, and its forest-covered islets. We saw the delta gradually sink beneath the sea, and corals and stone-lilies cluster thick over its submerged area, to form the limestones of the Roslyn group. Again, the mud-bars of the river crept out to sea, and tangled forests waved green as of old, washed by the sea or inundated by the river. How this last period came to a close, we shall, probably, never know, and have no possible means of conjecturing. We pass at one step from the ancient era of the coal to the comparatively modern one of the drift—from a verdant paleozoic land, to an icy post-tertiary sea. It is like a leap in history from the days of Pericles and Aspasia to those of King Otho, or from the tents of Runnymede to the Crystal Palace of Sydenham."

The twelfth and last chapter treats of Igneous Rocks, and particularly of the trap-rocks. How these can be brought into connexion with the

sandstone boulder we cannot clearly see, except upon the principle that characterizes most trap-rocks—namely, *forcible intrusion*. All, however, that the author can glean from his Scotch note-book he is determined to introduce, so long as it affords opportunity for discursive descriptions and elementary explanations. As he approaches the end, his pen becomes still more pictorial,—and, in reviewing his own efforts, he remarks:—

"We have tried to decipher the memorials of bygone creations traced in clear and legible characters on the boulder. First, there lies spread out before us a wide arctic sea, studded with icebergs that come drifting from the north. Here and there a bare barren islet rises above the waste of waters, and the packed ice-floes often strand along its shores, while at other parts great towering bergs, aground in mid-ocean, keep rising and falling with the heavings of the surge, and seem ever on the verge of toppling into the deep. But this scene, so bleak and lifeless, ere long fades away, and we can descry a wide archipelago of islands, green well-nigh to the water's edge, and looking like the higher hill-tops of some foundered continent. The waves are actively at work wearing down the shores, which present for the most part an abrupt cliff-line to the west. This picture, too, gets gradually dim, and when the darkness and haze have cleared away, the scene is wholly new. For miles around there spreads out an expanse of water, like a wide lake, thickly dotted with islets of every form and size, clothed with a rich vegetation. Here a jungle of tall reeds shoots out of the water, clustering with star-like leaves; there a group of graceful trees, fluted like the columns of an ancient temple, and crowned by a coronal of sweeping fronds, spread out their roots amid the soft mud. Yonder lies a drier islet, rolling with ferns of every shape and size, with here and there a lofty tree-fern, waving its massive boughs high overhead. The vegetation, rank and luxuriant in the extreme, strikes us as different from anything visible at the present day, though, as our eyes rest on the muddy discoloured current, we can mark, now and then, huge trunks, branchless and bare, that recall some of the living pine-trees. The denizens of the water seem to be equally strange. Occasionally a massive head, with sharp formidable tusks, peers above the surface, and then the gleam of fins and scales reveals a creature some twenty or thirty feet long. Glancing down into the clearer spots, we can detect many other forms of the finny tribes, all cased in a strong glistening armature of scales, and darting about with ceaseless activity. Beyond this scene of almost tropical luxuriance, on the one side, lies the blue ocean, with its countless shells and corals, its stone-lilies and sea-urchins, and its large predaceous fish; on the other side stretches a far-off chain of hills, whose nether slopes, dark with pine-woods, sweep down into the rich alluvial plains. And then this landscape, too, fades slowly away, and thick darkness descends upon us. Yet through the gloom we feel ever and anon the rumbling earthquake, and see in the distance the glare of some active volcano that throws a ruddy gleam amid the pumice and ashes, ever dancing along the surface of the sea. And now this last scene melts away like the rest, and dark night comes down in which we can detect no ray of light, and beyond which we cannot go. The record of the boulder can conduct us no further into the history of the past."

The above extracts are some of the best productions of Mr. Geikie's pen which we have met with. They will establish his skill in this direction. He has evidently aimed to mould his style upon that of the late Hugh Miller; but, while he merits attention, he lacks some of the most meritorious characteristics of the lamented author of 'The Footprints of the Creator.' Mr. Geikie has no great geological discoveries of his own to describe. He has found no new fossils,—and all that we can say is, that he has put forth known facts in a pleasing manner for the beginner, and has shown a power

of description and a soundness of inference worthy of commendation.

MEDICAL BOOKS.

A Manual of Domestic Medicine and Surgery. By J. H. Walsh. (Routledge & Co.)—All attempts at teaching the art of medicine by the aid of books alone must necessarily be failures. The distinction of similar symptoms arising from opposite states of the system, and the relation of all the symptoms of a disordered condition to the state of the system can only be acquired by long practice and a special education of the observing powers. Hence the practice of medicine as an art, and the long course of training pursued by medical men. Such an art it is impossible to teach in a popular book; hence works like the present offering to do so frequently become great evils in the hands of those who use them. A misapprehension of symptoms, and a treatment directly opposed to the welfare of the patient, are the usual results of reading treatises on domestic medicine. We have no reason to find fault with the execution of Mr. Walsh's book,—he is, perhaps, a little old-fashioned in his treatment, and not up to the knowledge of his day in his pathology, so that his work is of no value to medical students; but as we believe all such treatises worse than useless to the public, we can only notice them to say they had better be avoided. If Mr. Walsh had extended the physiological and sanitary parts of his volume, which he seems quite capable of doing, he might really have made a useful book.

On Spinal Curvature. By P. G. Hamon, Orthopedist. (Goulden.)—Merely a puff of the author's system of treating spinal deformities, and containing no proof of the author's ability to perform that which he promises.

On Epilepsy and Epileptiform Seizures. By Edward H. Sieveking, M.D. (Churchill.)—This work is devoted to the elucidation of one of the most puzzling and painful diseases the medical man is called to treat. Dr. Sieveking has treated his subject very ably; and although he has no new discovery to announce and no new method of treating the disease to make known, he has written a book which his professional brethren will read with both pleasure and profit. Epilepsy belongs to a class of diseases which being frequently incurable offers a great temptation to the medical man to proclaim his power of curing. Dr. Sieveking does nothing of this kind. Sagely and soundly he proceeds to discuss the nature and causes of this disease, and in the same spirit he proceeds to consider the treatment. He rejects the notion that there is any specific remedy for epilepsy, and relies more on the mental and physical treatment of the patient than on drugs and chemicals. Dr. Sieveking writes agreeably, and we imagine there are few practitioners of medicine who would not profit by the perusal of his book.

On Squinting. By Carsten Holthouse. (Churchill.)—Mr. Holthouse has previously published on the subject of curing muscular deformities of the eye; and those who are anxious to make themselves acquainted with the nature of these diseases, and the method of their cure, cannot do better than consult this little manual.

On Cough; its Causes, Varieties, and Treatment. By Robert Hunter Semple, M.D. (Churchill.)—The history of symptoms lies at the foundation of the history of diseases. Yet, in most of our medical books, diseases are treated of, and the name given to the disease is regarded as an entity, and its nature and treatment discussed as a whole. The fact is, there can be no thorough knowledge of disease till each symptom is traced to its cause; and no successful treatment but such as will alleviate individual symptoms and remove their causes. Hence the value to the medical man of such a work as this by Dr. Semple. The nature of cough is first examined from a physiological point of view. Its object, as a pathological fact, is then investigated. Next follow an account of the diseases in which it occurs; followed by an account of the means which must be employed for its removal. Such a course of investigation is, we maintain, highly philosophical, and has great advantages in relation to the study of the art of medicine; and we recommend Dr. Semple's book,

not only on its own merits, but as an example to young physicians of what may be done by taking up the prominent symptoms of diseases, and tracing them through the various general states of the body in which they occur.

A Practical Treatise on the Diseases of Infancy and Childhood. By T. H. Tanner, M.D. (Renshaw.)—This is a very well-written treatise on the diseases to which it is devoted. There are many valuable works on the diseases of children extant; but Dr. Tanner's book will, we make no doubt, take its stand by their side as a valuable contribution on the subject. His introductory observations, on the importance of attending to the health of children in the first days and years of their existence, are very important. It is a melancholy fact, that half the children born into the world die before they are five years of age; but the mischief does not end here, as half the remainder become diseased from improper management, and grow up enfeebled young men and women, prone to sink under the attacks of disease. Information on the treatment and management of children during their infancy cannot be too widely diffused. Men and women generally in this country have a course of training, more or less perfect, for the duties of life on which they enter; but for the great duty of managing and bringing up children, our women are supplied with no kind of education or instruction at all.

PROF. FORBES ON SOME PROPERTIES OF ICE NEAR ITS MELTING POINT.

Prof. Forbes has communicated to the Royal Society of Edinburgh the results of some experiments made by him on the properties of ice near its melting point, with particular reference to those of Mr. Faraday, published in the *Athenæum* for June 1850, to which attention has been more lately called by Dr. Tyndall and Mr. Huxley in relation to the phenomena of glaciers. The substance of Prof. Forbes's statement is as follows:—

"Mr. Faraday's chief fact, to which the term 'regelation' has been more lately applied, is this, that pieces of ice, in a medium above 32°, when closely applied, freeze together, and flannel adheres apparently by congelation to ice under the same circumstances.

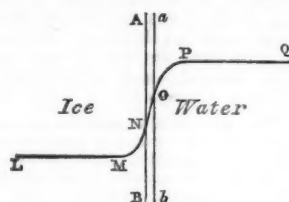
"1. These observations I have confirmed. But I have also found that metals become frozen to ice when they are surrounded by it, or when they are otherwise prevented from transmitting heat too abundantly. Thus a pile of shillings being laid on a piece of ice in a warm room, the lowest shilling, after becoming sunk in the ice, was found firmly attached to it.

"2. Mere contact, without pressure, is sufficient to produce these effects. Two slabs of ice, having their corresponding surfaces ground tolerably flat, were suspended in an inhabited room upon a horizontal glass rod passing through two holes in the plates of ice, so that the plane of the plates was vertical. Contact of the even surfaces was obtained by means of two very weak pieces of watch-spring. In an hour and a half the cohesion was so complete, that, when violently broken in pieces, many portions of the plates (which had each a surface of 20 or more square inches) continued united. In fact, it appeared as complete as in another experiment where similar surfaces were pressed together by weights. I conclude that the effect of pressure in assisting 'regelation' is principally or solely due to the larger surfaces of contact obtained by the moulding of the surfaces to one another.

"3. Masses of strong ice, which had already for a long time been floating in unfrozen water-casks, or kept for days in a thawing state, being rapidly pounded, showed a temperature of 0°·3 Fahr. below the true freezing point, shown by *thermometers* (both of mercury and alcohol), carefully tested by long immersion in a considerable mass of pounded ice or snow in a thawing state.

"4. Water being carefully frozen into a cylinder several inches long, with the bulb of a thermometer in its axis, and the cylinder being then gradually thawed, or allowed to lie for a considerable time in pounded ice at a thawing temperature, showed also a temperature decidedly inferior to 32°, not less, I think, than 0°·35 Fahr.

"I think that the preceding results are all explicable on the one admission, that Person's view of the gradual liquefaction of ice is correct (*Comptes Rendus*, 1850, Vol. xxx. p. 526)†, or that ice gra-



"Let AB be the surface of a block of ice contained in water at what is called a freezing temperature. That temperature is marked by the level of the line QR above some arbitrary zero. LM is, in like manner, the permanent but somewhat lower temperature possessed by the interior of the ice. The space, partly water, partly ice, or partaking of the nature of each, MNOR, has a temperature which varies from point to point, the portion NO corresponding to what may be called the physical surface of the ice between AB and ab, which is 'plastic ice,' or 'viscid water,' having the most rapid variation of local temperature.

"II. Such a state of temperature, though it is in one sense permanent, is so by compensation of effects. Bodies of different temperatures cannot continue so without interaction. The water must give off heat to the ice, but it spends it in an insignificant thaw at the surface, which therefore wastes even though the water be what is called ice cold, or having the temperature of a body of water inclosed in a cavity of ice.‡

"This waste has yet to be proved; but I have little doubt of it; and it is confirmed by the wasting action of superficial streams on the ice of glaciers, though other circumstances may also contribute to this effect.

"III. The theory explains 'regelation.' For let a second plane surface of ice A'B' be brought up to nearly physical contact with the first surface AB. There is a double film of 'viscid water' isolated between two ice surfaces colder than itself. The former equilibrium is now destroyed. The films ABa and A'B'a' were kept in a liquid or semi-liquid state by the heat communicated to them by the perfect water beyond. That is now removed, and the film in question has ice colder than itself on both sides. Part of the sensible heat it possesses is given to the neighbouring strata which have less heat than itself, and the intercepted film of water in the transition state becomes more or less perfect ice.

"Even if the second surface be not of ice, provided it be a bad conductor, the effect is practically the same. For the film of water is robbed of its heat on one hand by the colder ice, and the other badly-conducting surface cannot afford warmth enough to keep the water liquid.

"This effect is well seen by the instant freezing of a piece of ice to a worsted glove even when on a warm hand. But metals may act so, provided they are prevented from conveying heat by surrounding them with ice. Thus, as has been shown, metals adhere to melting ice. J. D. F."

"Edinburgh, April 19."

† Quoted by me in 1851, in my sixteenth letter on Glaciers.

‡ I incline to think that water, in these circumstances, may, though surrounded by ice, have a fixed temperature somewhat higher than what is called 32°. But I have not yet had an opportunity of verifying the conjecture.—(My view is that the intrusion of cold from the surrounding ice is spent in producing a very gradual 'regelation' in the water which touches the ice, leaving the interior water in possession of its full dose of latent heat, and also of a temperature which may slightly exceed 32°. By similar reasoning, a small body of ice, inclosed in a large mass of water, will preserve its proper internal temperature below 32°; but, instead of regelation taking place, the surface is being gradually thawed. This is the case contemplated in the paragraph of the text to which this note refers.)"

N.B.—The words in brackets were added to this note during printing. 19th May 1858. J. D. F.

dually absorbs latent heat from a point very sensibly lower than the zero of the centigrade scale.

"I. This explains the permanent lower temperature of the interior of ice.

FINE ARTS

Art: its Scope and Purpose; or, a Brief Exposition of its Principles. By Josiah Gilbert. (Jackson & Walford.)

A lecture like this sensible and even elegant one delivered at the Nottingham Mechanics' Institution is a good sign of something being wanted, if not of its actual arrival. It is a lecture, by an artist not technical, all about oils and washes, but on the catholic subject of the province and powers of Art, occasionally inflated, sometimes mistaken, but always enthusiastic and vigorous. That the writer is eloquent and sensible, we need only an extract to prove:—

"The origin of Pre-Raphaelitism was a revulsion and protest against the imbecile conventionalism into which the English school had fallen. Pre-Raphaelites fled from generalizations and ideals, because they were no longer the product of independent thought, and had become but convenient screens for want of observation and hasty execution. But this does not justify a repudiation of those generalizations and ideals which were the result of a large and lofty unity of purpose, such as led Raffaele to refine his forms, that he might diffuse over the whole a grace and sweetness like an exquisite aroma; or Michael Angelo to distort muscles and exaggerate limbs to impress a sense of unearthly energy and power; or Claude and Cypri to swim their canvases with the golden haze they loved; or Salvator to throw haggard, ghastly gleams across his riven tree-trunks, that he might fill the mind with indistinct images of terror; or Gaspar Poussin to make all his trees of one sort, not to break the rolling masses of his woodlands. Grant that these old landscape painters omitted to record, or greatly misunderstood, many of the most charming facts in landscape scenery; that they did not notice accurately the manner in which a tree forks its branches, the sweep of waves, or the rack of clouds; but they did appreciate some of the most imposing moods of Nature, and what they felt they told with vigorous effect. It is not fair, however, to measure Middle Age Art by its landscape. Inanimate Nature was little regarded, compared with the animate, and human form, as the chief exponent of thought and emotion, was its favourite theme. It is here we behold alike comprehensiveness and concentration. The large outlines, rich colours, and decided shadows are instinct with a grand unity of expression. To deny these triumphs to Art is to rob her of her chief glory, and at the same time to forget her most essential conditions."

But here we must object, that Poussin cannot be defended for drawing his trees alike, when God has said, "Let there be many trees, and each after its power and kind,"—nor Cypri for floating every cloud of his in golden oil, when nature has not given us all sunshine,—or Michael Angelo for twisting the human body into tumblers' attitudes,—or Salvator Rosa for splitting and rending trees which are often calm, perfect, and beautiful in their sleep of tranquil vigour. This thought on Shadow has the same one-sided perverse half-truth about it:—

"Shadows aid greatly the unities of expression. Here we approach those higher ends which are the ultimate aim of Art. Shadow ennobles Form; by bringing out its larger and more imposing features, and obscuring the meaner or less important. This is a mode of generalization which the historical and portrait painter will often adopt, and one requiring no falsification of fact—only the exercise of choice. The solid masses of Shadow which can be obtained by adjusting the access of light, give dignity to features which cross and diffused lights would trifle into insignificance; and folds of drapery, by the same treatment, become rich and full. Mass, or what is technically termed *breadth*, is a special province of Shadow to effect. It is a simplicity which the eye rests upon with satisfaction—an impressive species of emphasis—it is a gathering under one, or a few, heads the principal motives of a subject. A concentration of attention, it is evident, Shadow can readily effect, by simply contracting the space upon which the eye, and consequently the attention, is directed. Rembrandt's method of plunging everything in darkness excepting the one head, or figure, or group which forms his subject, will immediately occur to many of you. Such a use of Shadow

can only be allowed once in a way to transcendent genius; but without making the intention so apparent. Shadows may be excellently employed to intensify expression, either in the manner just referred to, by contracting the surface of illumination, or by enforcing certain points with blots and dashes of dark, or, again, by the impressiveness of solemn repose masses. Such expedients are part of the art of speech to which the artist is entitled. They belong to him as gifted to redress and adjust the effects of Nature, which he does not imitate as a parrot does sounds, but uses for rational discourse. But *Shadow especially and directly affects the imagination*. It lays hold upon it by reason of its inherent mystery and pathos. The spell of mystery is potent upon the human spirit. Born, as it is, of the unseen—passing onward to the unseen—hovering between two unknowns—the illimitable depths of space and time enveloping it on every side—it is ever agitated with wonder and curiosity. The cry is ever—'Behind the veil! behind the veil!'

Shadow of course gives repose, concentration, mystery, and even pathos; but it is evident that our fresh, free, flippant young Art, living so much out of doors, has less need of shadows in pictures than the old dwellers in dark Amsterdam and Paduan studios. Shadows were a fashion—Light is a fashion.

Here comes a clever bit of contrast, *à propos* of what is picturesque:—the siren that led Salva Rosa so wide astray:—

"Compare a new field-gate, square and tight, with a nodding, crazy, weather-stained stile. The latter goes into the sketch-book as picturesque, the former is instinctively avoided for any such purpose. The difference consists, in the first place, in the character of the lines, proportions, and colours. The stile is broken, composed of straight and curved lines, and of various angles. In the gate they are straight, and their angles are right angles. The shadows of the stile are naturally the more complex, with its greater complexity of form; and the colours are alike enriched, subdued, and blended; while those of the gate are crude and staring. In these distinctions we find the primary cause of the picturesque of the one object as compared with the other. But far more important are those which belong to the character, purpose, history of the object itself. See how the stile appeals in these respects to the imagination, while the gate has nothing to say! The stile leans with the stress and weight of wear, its feet are buried in herbage, its bars are held together by extra clamps, empty holes betray the loss of rusted nails, worms have covered it with elaborate tracery, lichens have crept into every cranny. It is bleached from many a sun and shower; polished by the hands, and graced by the feet, of many a labourer, who, morning and evening, and year after year, has crossed it on his outward and homeward way. It is scored and hacked by generations of school-boys; and it is cunningly inscribed with the joint initials of whispering lovers. The gate, in its naked newness speaks of nothing but the carpenter's shop and the paint-pot. The stile is a poem, the gate a mechanical fact. The one is picturesque; it demands, as it is fitted for, artistic expression; the other is unpicturesque, and no considerations of usefulness or fitness can make it otherwise."

The author has a sensitive eye for colours, and is quick in seeing the momentary enchantments of nature, which escape the unpractised, though they lend such beauty and lustre to the simplest things: we mean shadows, reflections, and atmosphere. Thus the emerald leaf is frosted silver by the dew, is gilded by the sun, is jewelled by the air between us and it, and is crystallized by the rain that bedrops it:—

"We have already remarked upon the frequency with which *Shadow* itself is overlooked; it is not surprising, therefore, that its effect upon colours should be generally unobserved. When recognized at all, it is commonly supposed simply to darken Colour; but this is a loose notion—it really expunges Colour. The proper colour of an illuminated object disappears where shadow comes upon it, and not only so, but another appears in its stead, the opposite of that displaced. If the illuminated colour is warm, the shadow will be cool, varying from grey to positive blue, or purple, and even crimson, which is on the cold side compared with orange and rich green. If the illuminated surface is cool, as in moonlight, the shadows will be warm and brown. Shadows among colours introduce a delicious tenderness and variety of neutral tones, but other influences combine for this, the most potent of which are:—The *Reflections* which invade shadows. These carry with them the tints of the surface from which they come: hence the blueness of many shadows which receive the reflected light of the sky, and the warmth of a shadowed wall against which the ground tints strike. But other than shadowed spaces are thus affected; observe the sea receiving on its bosom all the hues of the sky, or the still lake returning those of its shores, or the pool enriched with the colours of its shelving bank and overhanging trees. Such reflections are exquisite in their translucent play. But all things in the glow of daylight return each other's colours wherever their relative positions admit of it. So that colour is broken and spread by this means over almost the entire surface of Nature, and by reason of its dim and fitful character, bordering upon mystery, possesses a secret hold upon the imagination. *Transparency* imparts a peculiarly pure brilliance—not gay, but soft. All coarseness or dullness vanishes, and the colours are penetrated with a hidden radiance which delights the fancy. Leaves are enriched to emeralds, water emulates the trembling splendour of amethyst and topaz, clouds become mother-of-pearl. Yet Art must be

chary of these beauties, as Nature is. Opacity has its satisfaction; the grainy solid masses, the dull and mingled glooms, feast the eye with substantial wealth. But *atmosphere* is the most universal and effective agent in modifying colour. Atmosphere gradates colours, but it also changes them. The green near woods becomes a tender blue in the distance, neutral tinted rocks a pale crimson, and the brown moorland, or dark fir-wood, a rich purple. These general facts are noticed by most of those whose rambles lead them into open country. But few observe how the green of a field fades as it recedes; a green field is to the ordinary eye green all over. The artist notices the varying quality of the green, that when the atmosphere is suffused with sunlight the nearer green is a golden yellow, the distant almost blue."

These changes are so subtle and infinite that the most versatile mind can never weary of them, they are so multitudinous as to tax the memory of angels. The thoughts on the amount of ideal in portrait painting are ingeniously put:—

"And where the purpose seems to be the most literal imitation, you will yet find, on analysis, that it is the Artist's own idea of the object in question which he wishes to render permanent or to communicate. It is to be taken as his own special and peculiar utterance respecting it. Let it be the portrait of an orange, the designer had chosen the point of view in which he will represent it, whether endways, or sideways, and he will have arranged the falling of the light, and the casting of the shadow, and he will have selected the orange whose colour best suits his fancy, or will have placed it where its colour is most advantageously displayed. And his purpose, after all, is not to perpetuate the existence of that particular orange, but by help of that particular orange, so arranged, to perpetuate the impression it has produced, to re-excite the pleasurable emotion of his own mind regarding it, as an object agreeable in form, colour, and other associations. So that his work may still be called a creation. But you will say—'If the portrait be that of a face, instead of an orange, the Artist is surely bound down to copy simply what he sees.' Much more than that, believe me, if it is to be the portrait of the man to whom the face belongs. In the first place, there is, as in the case of the orange, the same selection of point of view, of light and shadow, demanding skill and exercising choice. And, in addition, since the lines of a man's face are always in movement, and since expression is more or less fitting over his features, with all the variety and evanescence of sun and shade upon a landscape beneath a cloud-flecked sky, there is the arresting of the moving lines when they present themselves the most advantageously, or the adoption of an average which, composed in part of two or three movements, shall so suggest them all. And with respect to the expression—the selection of that which shall predominate, or the subtle indication of the leading varieties. Much of this may be done almost unconsciously by the Artist; but it is all necessary to a good portrait, and it all results from the amount of conceptive, as well as perceptive, power he possesses. All bears the impress of his mind. It becomes the special record of his thought respecting that particular human face, and of the mysterious individuality which dwells behind it."

The artist has to avoid the two dreadful gulfs on either side his easel, flattery and depreciation. Let him not put Richmond's womanish glitter in every eye, or yet count the pimples like Denner,—without raising strabismus into a beauty, let him turn the squinting eye of Wilkes into profile, and set the little Alexander of Twickenham in an arm-chair to hide his hump.

Mr. Gilbert is especially unfair on Pre-Raphaelitism:—

"If, however, the Pre-Raphaelite theory cannot be carried out, what harm does it do? This: as no theory is entirely inoperative, it does cramp and bind its adherents to an appreciable extent. Hence their frequently strange and awkward combinations—their failure in depicting beauty, and their frittered and disjointed effects. But it is principally injurious in the spirit of controversy, and of unjust depreciation it has engendered. The exclusive representation of the individual instead of the general, and of the *littera* instead of the *ideal*, is vaunted as the *only* proper vocation for Art, and the great examples of an opposite treatment are denounced as corrupt or spurious."

Now this is unjust, because the best Pre-Raphaelite work, with all its timid stainings, tintings, stipplings, and other eccentric faults, is essentially poetical and not merely literal. It aims at the highest poetry, but would translate it literally and tangibly. There was once a shepherd-boy named David, it says; he culled some bullet-shaped stones and slew a Philistine giant. He had flesh and blood as we have, eyes that spoke love and hate, a heart that chilled and warmed, hands to embrace and strike. He was not a demigod with wings or three heads, but a man like we men of London. I will paint him then so that you may touch him and see his eyes kindle with the old hope and trust of genius. I will array him in a leopard-skin tunic, dark spotted, smooth and soft. His legs shall be bare and knotted with muscle, his feet shall have rope sandals. I will make him culling the stones, and the giant luring like a lighthouse on the distant mountain-top. I will make the

stones wet and veined as these stones are. I will make his hair curl like vine-tendrils round his temples. I will flush his cheek with the healthy rose-blood of boyhood. I will make him a creature to love, and yet the majesty of a born king shall play round his head. I will have none of your brown-skinned, gipsy, thief urchins, that the ecclesiastics painted and called David, watchful, mean, cunning, impudent. No! this shall be indeed David, the son of Jesse, the chosen of the thousands of Israel.

PICTURES AT THE FRENCH GALLERY.

Mr. Millais's 'Proscribed Royalist,' and Mr. Holman Hunt's 'Light of the World,' are now exhibiting at the French Gallery, in Pall Mall, and there, with Mr. Cropsey's 'American Scenery' and the highly-clever illustrations of Hood's Poems by the Junior Etching Club, make up a choice roomful.

With more than Terburg's power of giving the critical moment of suspense that raises the imagination and the heart, Mr. Millais knows exactly the point of pictorial presentment. He does not love his beings, but regards them from afar with a grand imaginative interest, that makes us long to know the past and future, which lurk behind the right and left frame of the picture. Millais, more than any other man, has realized the Wordsworthian revolutionary spirit of poetry, and united it with a certain antiquarian religious revival, such as Tennyson embodies. He is sensuous as Keats; homely, sound, and English as Wordsworth. He is tremendously in earnest, and yet his earnestness is not the mere fuss and pedantic accuracy of the man of a book-world, but of the manly citizen of human nature. What he paints after a certain small educational training—in 'The Rescue' even without that—any one can appreciate. Not so Holman Hunt, who is mystical, and of a double shot-silk of mysteries and meanings. By the time he paints his prodigies, and his friends interpret them, they are laced over a foot deep with parables. In this 'Proscribed Royalist' there is, again, an original thought, though an obvious one,—a little mark this—pugnaciously and arrogantly contrary to public opinion. Not a Cavalier lady generously sheltering a Puritan lover—an Alice Lee with a Mark Everard,—but a Puritan lady, a gentle Foster sheltering a long-faced Wildrake in Herne's oak. He is a little of a "spoon,"—that is all we can say against him,—and the lady looks too cold and simply anxious for one in love. Mr. Simmons's engraving of the picture promises well. It is lovingly careful and faithful.

Mr. Holman Hunt's sacred mystic picture looks quite a holy thing now in its shrine of gold and glass. The face by touching is much more manly, grand, and solemn. Now uncrowded by raging vermilions and ink-dark indigos, we can for the first time fully appreciate the marvels of this picture, with its three conflicting yet harmonious lights emanating from starry lamp, starlight, and the dull yellow halo round the Saviour's head. Intensely English as it is, how universal and polyglot are its poetry and religion. Christ knocking at the barred-up, weed-choked door of the sinner's heart, listening with grand pity for an answer from within,—however low an answer. This great picture, with all its defects, its stickiness, and pedantries, will be an heirloom of Art, if there ever was an heirloom.

Mr. Cropsey's American views are simple, unaffected, and doubtless true, but they want vigour, dash, and variety. There is a good, honest look about them and a clear, true sense of modest colour, though sometimes heavy, unfinished, and wanting delicacy of gradation and force of contrast. Mr. Cropsey's best scenes are the woods a-fire with autumn, hanging blood-red and thin gold in the sun. We like his birch-tree anchored by loose roots to the river-side, his wading cows, and his rainbow snapped at the crown of the arch, though there is a dreadful want of intervening air to account for it. As for the Niagara, or whatever fall it is, it is as heavy as hasty pudding, and will not do at all for the Laughing Thunder Water, the Smoke Fall of America. There is a quiet, genial, kindly common sense about Mr. Cropsey, but no strong poetry, no

passionate impulse that grapples like a gladiator Jacob with the angel. Nature will not go without a blessing.

As for the Etching Club's doings, we like best, chiefly because they are obviously the best subjects, Mr. Rossiter's two weird drawings of *Eugene Aram in the Wood* and *Eugene Aram and the School Boy*. These are, as illustrations, all but perfect. For originality we prefer Mr. Marks's *Last Man*. There is a ghastly quaintness that quite meets the poem, in the ticket-of-leave man, with "aggrawater" curl, smart fogle, and crack-skull bludgeon, sitting on a palace step, trying with full judicial gravity and almost judicial grandeur the miserable, cringing beggar in crown and robe, for whom the gallows outside waggles its head and beckons with its black three-cornered elbow.—Mr. Rossiter shows us the scared murderer coming to the well-known place in the wood, and finding that a mighty wind has laid bare the body. The bare wounded head and clutched hand protrude through the shrinking leaves. In the other scene we see, through breaks in the wood, the school-boys playing, while Eugene Aram throws himself on his knees and tells passionate tales of discovered murders,—while the frightened child with the book stares at him with a sort of fretful curiosity and vexation which is very natural. The lean, worn man is quite the schoolmaster of the poem.—Mr. Oakes, a most rising landscape painter, does not carry the Haunted House further than it has been carried before, though he brings in the heron, the cypress, the gateway, and all its items, darkening the old gable-ended house with dreary bars and angry storm-stains of weird and threatening sky.—Mr. Keene in his *Lee Shore* is rough and hard, but there is a grim pluck about the old fisherman as he drags the rope round the bulk.—Mr. A. Lewis's *Lake* is a wild Lochleven piece of business, not devoid of poetry, especially about the dark strip of castled island. The *Autumn Morning*, with the whitening depths of hot, steaming mist, is peculiarly beautiful.—Mr. Carrick's *Elm-Tree*, though delicate, subtle, and highly finished, looks woolly, and like a hawthorn in bloom. The cross paths of light are, nevertheless, admirable.—Mr. Smallfield's *Time of Roses* is somewhat a failure, not from want of thought and poetry, but from indistinctness and ugliness. The lovers at the stile look hideous.—Mr. W. Severn (we suppose the son of Keats's friend) has a charming fancy from the *Midsummer Fairies*, indeed, he seems brimming over with imagination. It has a wounded deer tended by the fairies, who stop the blood with leaves, and drag it with gentle violence, towing it lovingly with chains of flowers into the healing lake. Bless these fairies! what pleasure they have given us.—Mr. Wharf, who excels in mountain scenery, has an autumn valley—a Scotch valley with its humble stone hut and a plaided shepherd driving home his flock through the labouring mists.—Mr. H. Moore, always true, sensitive, and poetical, has some deer in a stream feeding, startling, tugging at boughs, wading; perfectly excellent in drawing and expression.—Mr. Powell, a fast rising landscape painter, takes us to a lone sea-shore with a fisherman's hut built up of old boats, drift timber, and rush thatching. The line of breakers is beautifully conveyed—half flipping over—half still on the curl, the crest of the turning foam reflected on the broad wall of rising wave below. He will be, with study, a first-rate artist.—Mr. Solomon, jun.'s design seems clever; but we cannot see what a startled woman and child and a man at a desk have to do with the Haunted House which Mr. Oates shows us with the blazoned hand and dagger in the window, the black shadows, and the buttoned fungi springing with such poisonous glibness from between the clefts of the floor planks.—Mr. Luard takes us to the sad fireside of the starving labourer, who sits moping in all the torpor of despair in the twilight, heedless of his thoughtless children. A contrast to Mr. Smallfield's proud, cold-faced lady of rank entering Almack's, where the carpenter with his basket of tools at his back stands and watches wonderingly.—Mr. Leigh gives us a ruffled beech-tree.—Mr. Gale, the happy mother and the dead mother.—Mr. Moore, the quiet lake, where the moon spills her light "for fishes to

new gloss their argent scales."—In Mr. Halliday's *Titania Lamenting*, from that exquisite Elizabethanism *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies*,—Titania is very graceful in her grief, and the attendant elves are sketched with a rare fancy, particularly the clown Puck, who throws a somersault over the last circle of a spider's web.—Mr. Clarke, we need scarcely say, is unerring as usual in his mode of going straight to the heart. He has drawn two boys reading a fairy story by stealth, having slipped it inside a book headed "verbs." The youngest, buried in the giant's awe, is regardless of consequences; but the eldest steals a look at the master out of the corner of his eye. It is as pretty a conceit of boyhood as Webster ever drew.—Mr. Barwell's *Studious Author watching the Child on the Floor*, who "makes a sunshine in a shady place," is quiet, gentlemanly, and thoughtful.—Viscount Bury is smart and fanciful, and Lord Fitzgerald is vivacious and clever as "Phiz" in his youth. His *Miss Kielmansegg*, run away with down Piccadilly, is full of fun, the obstinate stiffness of the horse's neck and head excellent. The frightened brewers, and the children, and nursemaids, pleasantly quaint.—Even better is the old woman chiding the loon of a boy in Belfont Churchyard; but the trees are weak. His *Fancy Ball*, too, has much humour, with the parrot-nosed officer, the whispering dowager, the ostentatious proprietor of the Golden-Leg, and the blinking, ogling, Edward the Second, so ludicrously gallant.—Mr. Severn's *Meg and her Cavalier*, is commonplace.—Mr. Rossiter's *Sempstress Girl*, sympathizing, and not without pathos. The London garret is well implied. The Club has, however, not exhausted Hood; not being, indeed, with the exception of Lord Fitzgerald and Mr. Marks, strong in humour.—Mr. Tenniel's Puritan cross-bowman firing at the lovers from behind the forest tree, is good, and well drawn; the twist of body is well given. The detail most careful and thorough. But still there is the Death in the coffin-boat, Death's door, Death the Dustman, and a host of other Holbeinesque fancies, of which the poet himself only attempted a few dull scratches to express. We are glad to see the Club planning publications; and hope that this issue will be but the first of a long line of triumphs.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The Royal Academy of the Fine Arts, at Antwerp, has just elected Mr. E. H. Baily, the English Royal Academician, a member of its body.

Mr. Armstead's design for this year's Goodwood Cup is graceful, poetical, and original. The story is from "Comus," at the moment when the brothers rush in, break the spell and the cup, and rescue the Lady from her mesmeric enchantment. The vase is half Cinque-Cento, half arabesque, with its open-work of winged leaves, cross bullrushes, sprays of valley lilies, (little silver church bells for fairies), with its horned and spiked bats to guard the pedestal. The handles are ingeniously formed by the figures of the two brothers—one snapping the snake, opal caduceus, the other beating down the foul cup-bearer, who stares up at him with fiendish discomfiture. The body of the vase is crowned by the rapt lady; on each side rush the avenging swordsmen, breaking through a crowd of goatish satyrs, naked, assaured wood spirits, frail fairies, and beast-headed changelings. A wallowing Saturn grovels on the ground, caressed by a harp-playing Dryad-Siren, while the shepherd watches the scene from behind with awe and apprehension. Below are Sabrina and her succouring nymphs in a river whose waves are spirits. There is an extreme piquancy about the whole work, which is quite a thing a Milton reading Cellini might have fashioned for his love.

The Nelson Column submits to the law of England, which, in works of Art, means wrangling, indecision, waste of money, and a result—as may be.—Our contemporaries are now beginning to growl concerning the four lions, which at last, it seems, are to be added by way of finishing that redoubtable monument. Four—in answer to the invitation of the Commissioners of Works—were modelled by Mr. Milnes, of Euston Road, in whose studio we have lately seen them. They were

modelled from nature, and are finely varied, and highly calculated for their purpose,—one representing Peace, another War, a third Vigilance, a fourth Fidelity. But the models were returned,—"Government" stating, on the occasion, that the lions were to be entrusted to Sir Edwin Landseer. At this proceeding, Sculpture's friends are beginning to wax wroth, and to inquire how far such a trust is more liberal or more logical than it would be to commit a Westminster fresco to Messrs. Behnes, Baily, Lough, or Westmacott.—Shall we never live to see an end of the bungling in completion of hastily-planned and half-done deeds?

"What was said in the *Athenæum* last week," writes a Correspondent, "in respect to the admirable Meyer Holbein at Dresden—suggesting that the two infants in the picture are one and the same child, only presented in different stages of the same story (a not unfrequent usage among the ancient painters)—has recalled an idea which occurred to me at Rome while I was considering a picture of totally different quality, which has, nevertheless, puzzled connoisseurs and interpreters not a little. This is Titian's 'Sacred and Profane Love,' in the Borghese Palace. Has the likeness betwixt the undressed female figure and the one clothed in all modesty and reserve, ever struck any picture-interpreter as it struck me? Can it have been that the Love who makes the third figure in this mysterious group may have been meant to say to one and the same Beauty, 'Be this, or the other: be voluptuously impassioned or nobly honoured. Choose.' The idea thrown out is a mere crotchet, I know; but it may take its place among the gossip concerning Art so freely vented in these days of imputation and comment. Y. L. Y."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MR. and MRS. HOWARD PAUL'S Comic, Musical, and Fanciful Drawing-room Entertainment, "PATCHWORK," at the EGYPTIAN HALL, EVERY EVENING, at Eight (during Mr. Albert Smith's absence abroad). Saturday Mornings at Three.—Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No extra for booking places. The Salle is newly decorated.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THAT the "publishing season" in London sparingly reflects the progress of Music in this country every one must be convinced who looks into the matter. The truth, however, was never more forcibly brought before us than during the past spring and summer, with the issues of which in print we now shall close our accounts.—No wonder that German pedantry, which only sees one fact at a time through its own spectacles, will tell English amateurship with pitying wonder how sad it is that we have no music in England, when,—standing by the counters of the shops in Leipzig, Frankfurt, Berlin, Munich, each of which has its own score of scores never published or republished, its own heap of *Sonatas*, *Quartets*, and other such classical ware,—Pedantry looketh through its spectacles across the Channel to Regent, New Bond, and Oxford Streets, and asks placidly what they have to exhibit of the kind in exchange?—Things not worthy of being put in print and sold at three times what their price should be were they worthy,—such, in brief, is a description of the novelties of "the season," and eminently describes those of the particular half-year not long since ended.

The best things are one or two reprints of ancient vocal music. Here, in proof, are four Songs, issued by Mr. Lonsdale: every one of which affords matter for remark. 'Per obbedir' (Recitative) and 'Leggi' (aria), from Handel's 'Almira' (date 1705), were originally written to German words, and have been here fitted with Italian text, by Signor Maggioni. Our Italian friends accuse us of being hard on Signor Verdi,—let them compare this specimen of melody from a young man,—written under an operationally semi-barbarous dispensation (for 'Almira' was composed for Hamburg, ere 'Il Sassone' went to Italy), with 'Di Provenza,' or the most delicious tune, by the new writer, whichever that be. Handel's melody lies within a small compass, but is a thoroughly fine one—a song to pair off with the *solo* from his 'Passions Musik' (another early essay) mentioned not long since. A French pair of move-

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ments also by Handel, "Vous ne sauriez flatter" (*Recitative*), and "Non, je ne puis plus souffrir" (air) are (we are informed by a note) originally disconnected—possibly, disjointed members from the same *Cantata*. These are curious rather than winning, but are worth studying in one point of view. No land—no language are so inexorable as those of France—so constant in their requirements on all who, whether native or foreign, contribute to Art. There is little of the Handel suavity and grandeur here: had the song been signed Lulli or Rameau, we should not have questioned its parentage. But compared with "the Giant" how does every one else dwindle! Jomelli holds his own, as a smaller man, in the aria from 'Attilio,' 'Benche l'augel' (with what now seem to us its queer passages of *remplissage*) since the leading phrase is stately, and the structure is honest and good. But the air and minuet 'Fortunate' from the 'Artaserse' of Hasse, are, as compared with the two songs commented on, poor and stale as music. They were written, it is true, for a limited *mezzo-soprano* (in no less compass than Handel's 'Verdi prati,' or 'Dove sei'), but there is little in them besides the old-fashioned singer. Handel was both singer and composer, yet *La Faustina* (this very composer Hasse's wife, who had sung under Handel's opera-management, and does not seem to have been an ill-natured woman) complained to Burney of Handel's *cantilena* as having been often "rude." Thus is greatness rated for "a time,"—but not by Time. Which has, now, the best of it, Hasse or Handel?

Leaving this old-world ware, let us now look at the modern songs on the table.—Mr. Kingsley's "Three Fishers" is one of the best modern ballads, in spite of its sadness; and Mr. Hullah's setting of the same is among the most spirited English songs of any time. The words have tempted and the music has not daunted another setter, who signs his song (Scheurmann & Co.) Child Hathaway. His effort is not wholly unsatisfactory; but the truth of colour thrown by Mr. Hullah into the music is attested by a certain similarity of phrase, humour, and expression, betwixt the new and the old versions.—"The beating of my own heart," by Mr. Milnes (another charming lyric), has often been set, but never so as to satisfy us. Here it has been taken in hand by Mr. G. Macfarren (Cramer & Co.). The composer rarely writes inelegantly,—sometimes, however, his elegance has rather a faded air, and this is his present case.—"The Song of the Eagle," *reverie*; "Repose," *reverie*; "The Invitation, Duett for Treble Voices," by J. W. Rogers (Wessel & Co.), are more ambitious than the above. We like the last the best because it is the simplest.—"My Spirit pines for Home," by Charles Compton,—(we imagine by a new composer)—has a certain largeness of *cantilena*, showing a right vocal taste. With this may be mentioned "Bird of the Sky," by Henry Regaldi (both Cramer & Co.).

In a concluding paragraph we are obliged to string together sundry heterogeneous matters.—*Four Chorals* (why not "psalm-tunes"?) composed for the Sacred Poetry of Robert Burns, by W. L. Rushton (Novello), which are but commonplace.—*Le Brigand, Morceau de Génie*, par Francesco Berger (Boosey & Sons), is an "instrumental" (to illustrate the silliness of the ungrammatical jargon forced on us by those who fancy that they are foreign and reverential in so doing) which we like less than "vocals" by its writer which we have seen. Lastly, let us speak of the "Madcap Polka," by C. M. C. (Birmingham, Shalders), as a "saltatorial," which may not expect to travel far beyond the Vauxhalls and Cremornes of the enterprising manufacturing town,—thereby meriting to be classed with that Polka which was "highly approved at York," as said its advertisement.

May the coming season, whether it be in the form of operatic, or orchestral, or oratorio, or *cantata* music, give us something better to report on than our English musical publications during the first seven months of 1858.

HANDEL'S 'ACIS.'—The present being the Handel time, we may throw together a few facts, fancies, and thoughts, in regard to a work which

will be produced at Birmingham under somewhat new circumstances. Four years ago [*Athen.* No. 1373] this *Serenata* was given by the now defunct "Harmonic Union," under Mr. Benedict's presidency; stress being then laid on the accompaniments added to the score by Mozart. Of his retouchings, the only one which lives in our recollection was the adaptation of one of Handel's *Musettes*, by way of prelude to the second part of the *Serenata*. They were not, indeed, of any remarkable value or importance; and thus have not, apparently, been since inquired for,—since 'Acis' has been repeatedly since performed under Mr. Hullah's care in all its original nakedness; and in preparing it for Birmingham it has been thought advisable to call in Signor Costa, with whose skill in filling up Handel's scores the public is familiar.

'Acis' is, indeed, worth all pains, as one of Handel's freshest works. The delicious contrast of beauty in the music allotted to *Galatea* (*Acis*, with that love-song of love-songs, 'Love in her eyes') and *Polyphemus*—the variety, too, of the choruses, without departure for a bar's length from the true Pastoral tone (generally conceived to exclude variety) make 'Acis' stand out as a specimen of romantic classicism not to be matched by any modern specimen. Where others show trick, Handel exhibits pure rich genius. Of trick we come to tire; even if the artificer be no less skilled than Weber. The croak of the frog, the "tu-whoo" of the owl in 'Der Freischütz' have passed for us into the stage limbo of mechanical supernaturalism; and who does not weary of personality ticketed by a given phrase, if even that be as subtly devised as the snaky passage allotted to *Eglantine* in 'Euryanthe'? Compare these with such immortalities as the terror inspired by the coming of the Cyclops,—as his rough wooing,—as his "hideous love" attested by his revenge. It is from thoughtlessness only that certain wisacres have called Handel monotonous. Character in music (which it has been a fancy to assume a modern discovery) was never carried higher than in this *Serenata*. Yet, though one of Handel's freshest works, 'Acis' is also one of his most formal ones. Every aria (save 'Heart, the seat of soft delight') is elongated by a *da capo*, not, we submit, always inevitable. Following the usage which has been sanctioned in other of his works, we could be contented with merely the first parts of "Where shall I seek the charming fair?"—and "As when the Dove" (in which the long second part contains Gay's most nambly-pamby words), and of *Damon's* two songs.—Then, to our fancy, the chorus "Happy we" might do duty in place of the *ritornel* of the two lovers,—since it is merely a reiteration of their felicity, which, told a third time, becomes tedious.—While "engaging in talkativeness" (to use a phrase of Richardson's) on an exhaustless subject, let us call attention to the close resemblance which exists between this chorus, "Happy we," and that fine Welsh melody, 'The Rising Sun,' which we chance to allude to only a week or two since. That Handel had patrons connected with the Principality every one knows—a recent proof of this being the sale of the Granville manuscript copies of his works. Here may be a hint for Dr. Chrysander; since, like less sensible biographers, he does not refuse to admit Handel's obligations to the assistance of others. To close these scattered notes, those who delight in studying an author minutely may compare this chorus with the chorus "O Baal!" on its ground bass in 'Deborah.' A better example of dissimilarity in two movements of the same family could hardly be cited.

LYCEUM.—On Monday, Mr. Leigh Murray undertook a higher task than he had hitherto attempted, and which is likely to affect his prospects beneficially. Till now, we have known Mr. Murray as the hero of the prose and familiar drama;—he has shone more in the exceptional effects of the Parisian stage, as interpreted by Adelphi playwrights, than as an actor severely studied in the models of British art. His elocution, accordingly, has been of that free and easy kind which is supposed in the green-room to represent real life, and to be more natural than the rhythmical

cadence regarded as appropriate to blank-verse dialogue. Sir E. B. Lytton's play of 'The Lady of Lyons' occupies an intermediate position between both classes of the drama; but the hero has generally been represented by professed tragedians, not by melo-dramatic irregulars. Claude Melnotte, in fact, requires a legitimate actor, to give him dignity and force, and to mark the more impressive scenes with the stamp of passion. He has, also, to utter not a few long descriptive and narrative speeches, altogether out of the usual way of the *vaudeville* performer. We might, therefore, reasonably feel some curiosity on reading the announcement that Mr. Murray had undertaken to support a character so far beyond the customary line of his ambition. As the best actor of juvenile parts on the stage, Mr. Murray had unquestionable advantages in person and voice. We doubted not of these, but of his earnestness. Nor were we far wrong, for on witnessing his Claude Melnotte on Monday the chief deficiency that struck us was the want of depth. The buoyancy of the character, the ardour, the passionate impulse, were all there in different degrees; but the prevailing tone was far too light and elegant. In some points, his Claude Melnotte might challenge comparison with the best. It was tender, sometimes even touching, abundant in minute beauties, above all, most gentlemanly; but it was not grave enough in its general tone, and where profound feeling was required the actor was altogether ineffective. In mere point-making, also, deficiencies occurred; the needful force had not been adequately measured, and the shaft fell short of the mark. Mr. Murray played, however, with great care, and sustained the verse with uncommon skill. He was irreproachable in the delivery of the text, and sometimes his cadences fell most pleasingly on the ear. The general impression left by his performance was, that on repetition he would greatly improve, and that by practice he might make the part perhaps the best in his *répertoire*. We should advise him to cultivate a further acquaintance with it,—indeed, to add to it as many similar parts as may be found, and to give them to the stage, instead of the more frivolous importations to which he has been too long devoted, and which, having served their day, are henceforth useless. The character of *Pauline* was energetically played by Mrs. Charles Young, but in the more passionate parts the effect was marred by overstrained effort.

Mr. Widdicombe appeared in an afterpiece entitled 'The Two Polts.' The farce is of Surrey manufacture, and as gross a compound of extravagance and absurdity as was ever concocted. Two brothers, reduced to mendicancy, beg, borrow, and steal after the most ludicrous fashion. At length they are enabled to appear in military costume, and attempt to bully an old Colonel out of a thousand pounds. They are detected, but nevertheless get the money. Mr. Widdicombe gives life to these extravagances, and by the prevalence of his humour precludes reflection. He is worthy, however, of better parts. The sensible way in which he recently played the *Gravedigger*, when Miss Goddard was enacting *Hamlet*, at the Surrey, gave us a high opinion of his good taste. It was full of humour and feeling, without the slightest extravagance,—and his by-play rendered the whole conception perfect.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Madame Albani was announced yesterday at the Crystal Palace, which now seems to have taken its permanent place among our concert-rooms.—Madame Viardot is singing in Italian opera at Dublin, with some members of Mr. Lumley's company.—It is understood that an attempt at what the French call "*Opéra de Salon*" may be made during the coming winter:—the singers to be Madame Borchardt, Mrs. Tennant, Messrs. Tennant and Irving,—the *maestro* Signor Biletta. In better hands than his the superintendence of the music could hardly be placed.—The concert parties will shortly set forth on their harvest excursions, the profit of which, to musical taste in the provinces, could not well be less.—It is easy work for

four or five artists to travel with two or three programmes round "the Dukeries," or through the manufacturing towns of Lancashire, or the watering-places of Devon; but besides the habit of spiritless and mechanical execution which such vagabondage is sure to encourage, the incursion of these companies, who (with their songs) must be let out wholesale, exercises a pernicious influence on local societies, and throws hindrance in the way of preparation and studying unfamiliar and complete works. The evil is one to wear itself out; but it is an evil without question, and as such, without any ill will to any speculators, to be called by its right name.—M. Halle's orchestral and vocal concerts at the Free Trade Hall, in Manchester, to the enterprise and success of which we have more than once adverted during their past season, will recommence early in the autumn.

This day week, at the Guildford Assizes, Signora Cesarini, a young Italian lady, well known in London as having some vocal cultivation, claimed, and was awarded, arrears of salary from Signor Ronzani, the Turin manager,—and who was connected with the disastrous *Opera Buffa* last autumn. Having lured the young lady over to Italy, it appears that the *impresario*, after paying the young lady less than half her season's engagement, declined to fulfil his part of the contract. The whole matter of contract and its repudiation, with all its pretensions and exigencies on one side, and false promises on the other, should be looked into more closely than is the habit.—To illustrate, the name of Mdlle. Balfé was in Mr. Gyo's programme, yet Mdlle. Balfé never appeared at Covent Garden this spring,—no explanation having been, apparently, either asked or offered in regard to the lady's non-appearance.

Our last week's remarks may be referred to when we note how singing festivals are apparently creeping on in France, too, as well as in Germany. Is, then, orchestral complication exhausted, and some simpler form and requirement such as must encourage, if not engender, melody—on the return?—On the 8th and 9th of this month was held a meeting of the kind at Neuss, one of the interesting towns of the Lower Rhine, overlooked because of its position. On the same days, the same sort of meeting (so far as we can make out) was held at Colmar in Alsace, but on a larger scale: forty-one societies, from Zurich, at one extremity, to Paris, at the other, of the circle, having taken part in the performances.

Let us offer a word in explanation of our phrase "so far as we can make out." By those who have to rely on foreign journals in respect to music, Diogenes and his lantern are sorely wanted. In the *Gazette Musicale* of this week, for instance, we find such novelties as, that Covent Garden Theatre closed with 'Don Giovanni' (not 'Martha'),—that Mr. Benedict has been giving a concert at the "Palais de Bristol,"—and that the Birmingham Festival has already taken place; at which were performed, among other works, Haydn's 'Creation,' and Mendelssohn's choruses to 'Athalie.'

The *Britomarts* will rejoice to hear that, among other coming curiosities (if we are to believe foreign printed rumours), an orchestra exclusively composed of women is forthwith to perform at Berlin,—with *Rosalind*, we suppose, at the big drum, *Minerva* (as by tradition appointed) at the flute;—the part of the trombone, possibly, by *Desdemona*.

The French journals are unanimous in mentioning with praise the singing of a young English lady, Miss Thomson, at the last examination of the pupils of the *Conservatoire*, where she has received her vocal training.

Surely never was composer so useless to the general public as M. Meyerbeer!—His operas, produced at the rate of about one every six years, are impracticable as concert music; his separate sacred works (little less few and far between) are almost inaccessible by reason of their difficulty; his court *Cantatas* are kept under lock and key—it is fair to add, by his own and not court exclusiveness—and this at a time when the world is famishing for something new to play, sing, and listen to. As an offset to this chariness, may be

announced the publication of a fourth Torch-Dance, this being the one prepared by him for the "bringing home" of the Princess Frederick William of Prussia.

A new theatre is in progress of erection at Whitechapel, on the site of the old Pavilion. The speculator on the occasion is Mr. John Douglass, the enterprising proprietor of the National Standard, Shoreditch. His success with the latter property has made the manager bold to venture on a new experiment; though at first sight it would appear from the proximity of the two houses that he has thereby entered into competition with himself. The new building is projected on a large scale, sufficiently capacious to seat 4,000 persons. The architect is Mr. Simmons, and the builder Mr. Tolley. It will be completed in October; and the walls are already more than 25 feet high. The length intended for the new theatre is 135 feet, the width 75 feet, and the height to the ridge of the roof from the level of the pit, 48 feet. The breadth of the stage at the proscenium will extend to nearly 50 feet. The whole of the theatre occupies nearly an acre of ground.

The Olympic theatre closed for the season last night;—but to-night a benefit will take place in aid of the funds of the Dramatic College. The performance consists of three pieces:—'A Doubtful Victory,' 'Hush Money,' and 'The Wandering Minstrel.' It is said that the theatre, after a month's pause, will re-open its doors for the winter with a new drama by Mr. Wilkie Collins.—A play by MM. Cormon and Grangé, which may be characterized as belonging to the school of sentimental morality, à la Greuze, 'Les Crochets du Père Martin,' is said to be most successful at the *Théâtre de la Gaîté* in Paris, thanks to the pathetic acting of M. Paul Menier, in whom some dramatic critics profess to see a successor to M. Bouffe. Whether our allies be as moral and as modest (while working at making plays) as they should be, is open to discussion. There can be none as to the whimsical fertility of their invention. Who could fancy a new version of 'The Sleeping Beauty'?—such a thing, it seems, there is at the *Théâtre Palais Royal*, and the Beauty is this time made a young wife, the mother of a small "Hopeful," who is only 103 years old, on the day when she wakes as young as she was when she fell asleep. The farce of such a combination as this speaks for itself.

On Monday, Mr. James Anderson will commence a series of "farewell performances," previous to his departure for the United States, California, the Australian colonies, the Sandwich Islands, &c. The plays selected for the occasion are 'Ingomar,' 'The Lady of Lyons,' and 'Macbeth.' The series is confined to six nights.

MISCELLANEA

South Lancashire Book Hawking Society.—The Committee of this useful Society have been obliged to engage the services of a second hawker, the public appreciation of the Society's labours causing more work than one person could manage. The new hawker will take the south district, and the other *colporteur* the northern one.

The Subalpine Tunnel.—We stated several months ago that the immense work of boring a tunnel under the Alps between Modane and Bardonecche had commenced; we have now to record some interesting facts, which might perhaps never have been discovered but for the peculiar methods employed in this colossal operation. The crest of the mountain being 1,600 metres higher than the culminating point, the sinking of shafts, which is the method generally employed in order to begin boring tunnels at several points at once, was out of the question; hence the tunnel could only be worked at its extremities, so that the labour by the ordinary processes could not be accomplished in less than thirty-six years. Then, how was a depth of gallery of three or four kilometres, and having but one orifice, to be aired? These were all serious obstacles. MM. Elie de Beaumont and Angelo

Sismonda having examined the mountain geologically, found it to contain micaceous sandstone, micaceous schists, quartzite, gypsum, and limestone, all easy to blast, the quartzite alone excepted; but the stratum of this is not likely to be very thick; the other difficulties alone therefore remained, and these were at length overcome by three Sardinian engineers, MM. Sommeiller, Gratton and Grandis, who proposed to turn the abundance of water, for which the locality was remarkable, to account by applying it to a peculiar system of perforation and ventilation, which we will now endeavour to explain. The first apparatus imagined by these gentlemen consists in an hydraulic air-condenser, which is a syphon turned with its orifices upwards, and communicating by one of them with a stream of water, by the other with a reservoir of air. The water, descending into the first branch, enters the second, and by the pressure it exercises condenses the air, which is then forced into the reservoir. This done, a valve is opened, by which the water contained in the syphon is let out, and the operation recommences. The emission and introduction valves are regulated by a small machine operating by means of a column of water; and the air in the reservoir is maintained at a constant degree of pressure by a column of water communicating with another reservoir above. Thus, with a waterfall 20 metres in height, the air is condensed to six atmospheres, equivalent to the pressure of 62 metres of water. This condensed air is used for two purposes: first, as a motive power, and then for ventilation. Two kinds of perforators, worked by condensed air, instead of steam, are employed, one invented by Mr. Bartlett, the other by M. Sommeiller; and the manner in which these machines perform their duty affords the first practical demonstration of the possibility of employing compressed air as a motive power with advantage. By means of these perforators holes for blasting may be bored through the hardest syenite in one-twelfth of the time which would be required if ordinary means were employed. In order to understand the importance of this result, it may be stated that in tunnelling three-fourths of the time is employed in boring holes, and the remainder in charging and blasting; hence, accelerating the former operation is an immense advantage. The perforators have another advantage: in a place where three couples of miners would hardly find room, eighteen perforators may be set to work; so that, by these ingenious contrivances, as well as by others for clearing away the rubbish, the perforation of the tunnel may be effected in six years, instead of thirty-six. The air that has been employed as a motive power is used to feed the gallery; but when the latter shall have reached a considerable depth it will require 85,924 cubic metres of air per twenty-four hours to replace that which has been vitiated by respiration, torches and gunpowder; and this quantity, in the form of 14,320 cubic metres of air condensed to six atmospheres, the reservoir can furnish. A new and curious fact has been observed during these works—viz., that when the air, condensed to the degree above mentioned, is shot into the gallery from the machine, any water happening to be near the latter suddenly congeals, although the ambient temperature be about 72 degrees Fahrenheit. Hence, when a large mass of compressed air is driven into a gallery situated at 1,600 metres below the outer surface of the earth, and where, consequently, the temperature must be about 160 degrees Fahrenheit, the dilatation of the compressed air produces a diminution of temperature sufficient to counterbalance the excess alluded to. The progress now making per day in boring is three metres on each side of the mountain, or six metres per day in all.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—D. G. (Limerick).—A. J.—J. D.—W. P.—I. T.—D. S.—received.

A Correspondent properly suggests that the hero of the anecdote told by the Duchesse d'Abrantès, in our list, may have been Napoleon Charles, but could not have been Louis Napoleon Charles, as the latter was not born till 1808.

EAGLE INSURANCE COMPANY.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of this Company was held on Friday, the 13th instant, at Radley's Hotel, Bridge-street, Blackfriars; RICHARD HARMAN LLOYD, Esq., the Chairman of the Board of Directors, in the Chair.

The notice convening the meeting having been read,
The CHAIRMAN said, the Directors were happy to meet the gentlemen present on that occasion, not only because they saw before them a highly respectable proprietary body, but on account of what he believed would be considered the exceedingly satisfactory Report which would be read to them. It would be recollected that at their last annual meeting the Directors had been empowered to amalgamate with certain other companies; three of these companies, as would be seen by the Report, had made arrangements by which their interests became merged in the Eagle Office. The fourth, which was the largest and most important, he meant the Albion, had, since the Report was drawn up, transferred its business to the Eagle (cheers) upon terms which he could assure the gentle-

men present would be found most satisfactory to all parties concerned. (Cheers.) He did not know that the state of their affairs required any further comment on his part. There were three of the Directors of the Albion present, Mr. Cater, Mr. Chatfield, and Mr. Russell, all of them gentlemen with whom the Directors would be happy to act in unison, and, as the Report would speak for itself, he would now call upon the Actuary to read the Report.

The following Report was then read:—

"The time has again arrived for the Directors to make their Annual Report to the Proprietors, and to give them an account of the progress of the Company during the year ending 30th June last, and of its financial condition at that date.

"As the Surplus Fund Account serves to indicate the occurrences of the year, an abstract of that account is first presented:—

SURPLUS FUND ACCOUNT.

INCOME OF THE YEAR ENDING 30th JUNE, 1858.		
Balance of account, 30th June, 1857	£306,428	5 5
Ditto, ditto, three small Assurance Companies	118,801	13 6
		425,229 18 11
Premiums on new assurances	15,795	14 9
Ditto on renewed ditto	169,749	16 1
		185,515 10 10
Interest from investments	87,312	16 7
		242,828 7 5
	£568,058	6 4

"Examined and found to be correct,

(Signed) THOMAS ALLEN,
WILLIAM H. SMITH, Jun. } Auditors.

"From this statement it will be seen that three comparatively small assurance companies have merged into the Eagle during the year, and that out of the assets transferred by them as hereinafter mentioned they have together contributed 118,801*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* to the Company's surplus fund.

"The income from new premiums is 15,795*l.* 14*s.* 9*d.* Last year this amount was 11,900*l.* only. A portion of the increase, however, arises from the issue of two or three large assurances, some of the risk under which it has been necessary to re-insure.

"The total income is 242,828*l.* 7*s.* 5*d.*, being 25,375*l.* 10*s.* 11*d.* more than that reported at the last annual meeting. The total income would have reached about 290,000*l.* but for

BALANCE SHEET.

LIABILITIES.		
Interest due to Proprietors	£16,983	7 1
Claims and additions thereto	44,398	9 9
Sundry accounts	8,322	5 4
Value (1857) of Sums Assured, &c.	3,952,648	10 1
Proprietors' Fund	£188,112	0 0
Surplus Fund, as above	482,879	7 7
		670,991 7 7
	£3,993,334	1 10

"Examined and found to be correct,

(Signed) THOMAS ALLEN,
WILLIAM H. SMITH, Jun. } Auditors.

"This document exhibits an amount of assets not much short of four millions, about one million and a half being realized, and two millions and a half in course of realization. The last Report stated these items to be 1,344,798*l.* 12*s.* 1*d.*, and 1,536,900*l.* 10*s.* 1*d.* respectively; the increase on the two is, therefore, 1,111,533*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.* The surplus fund, that is to say, the provision for future bonuses and expenses, amounts to 482,879*l.* 7*s.* 7*d.*

"These statements, it is to be observed, include nothing in connexion with the Albion Assurance Company. The Directors, however, have the satisfaction of reporting that the amalgamation of that office with the Eagle has just been completed, and that the addition of its funds will raise the Company's assets realized, and to be realized, to no less a sum than 5,123,643*l.* 4*s.* 5*d.*, and its surplus fund (subject of course to a revaluation) to 611,138*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.*

"The annual income of the Company arising from these several combinations is now about 365,000*l.*, or as nearly as may be 1,000*l.* per diem.

"Now, of this income about 80,000*l.* arises from the premiums on non-participating assurances, the surplus in respect of which, together with certain other extraneous sources of profit, is sufficient not only to defray all the Company's expenses, but to meet the payments accruing to the Proprietors over and above the interest realized by their own capital.

"Hence the assured of the participating class are placed in as advantageous a position as they can, under any circumstances, fairly expect to be. All their payments to the Company are carefully provided for them, at a high rate of compound interest, and form a fund, subject to no deductions whatever other than those arising from the satisfaction of the claims under their own policies.

"Such is the position the Company has now attained. The Directors feel that all who care to trace its progress of late years will find ample reason to be satisfied with it."

The CHAIRMAN said that he would move the adoption of the Report which they had just heard read, and which he hoped would be found satisfactory to all who were interested in the Company; but before putting the motion he would be very happy to answer any questions upon matters which might appear to require further explanation.

Mr. CHERRIN (an ex-director of the Palladium), in seconding the motion for the adoption of the Report, said he could not refrain from the expression of his gratification at hearing the statement which had that day been made to the shareholders by the Directors. He had followed the statement of figures carefully, and had been he might say, astounded as well as delighted at hearing that their income now amounted to nearly 1,000*l.* per diem. (Hear, hear.) He congratulated his brother shareholders on the evidences of vitality shown by the Report. The Directors might have perhaps fairly rested content with what had been previously done; but so far from that he found by the Report that the new business transacted during the past year yielded an annual income of 16,725*l.* That fact proved that the Directors were not contenting themselves with past success, but were zealously, energetically, and most efficiently exerting themselves to promote the great objects of the Company. (Hear, hear.) They were in the best and most practical way keeping alive the great and noble principle of life assurance. (Hear, hear.) Nothing to his mind could be more satisfactory than the Report which had been read by their Secretary, and moved by their highly

CHARGE OF THE YEAR.

Dividend to Proprietors	£9,198	16 6
Claims on decrease of lives assured	£113,086	15 9
Additions thereto	16,377	19 11
Policies surrendered	7,873	14 7
Re-assurances	21,030	3 10
		£158,368 14 1
Commission	6,265	17 9
Medical Fees	675	15 0
Income-tax	1,894	15 5
Expenses of Management	8,775	0 0
		175,900 9 3
Balance of account, 30th of June, 1858		482,879 7 7
	£668,058	6 4

the reductions of premium allowed by way of bonus, and for the fact that only parts of the incomes of the newly-transferred companies appear in this account.

"The claims are less by about 4,500*l.* than they were in the foregoing year, notwithstanding that the amount at risk has latterly been much larger than it was some eight months previously.

"The expenses, it will be observed, are somewhat greater than they were; the increase is mainly attributable to the needful enlargement of the Company's staff of employes.

"As regards the financial condition of the Company at the termination of the year, the Directors will now refer to the balance-sheet, which is as follows:—

ASSETS.

Amount invested in fixed mortgages and life interests	£1,056,221	8 9
Ditto decreasing mortgages	74,997	15 5
Ditto reversions	74,516	17 7
Ditto funded property and Government annuities	35,624	1 10
Ditto other securities	72,078	10 5
Current interest on the above investments	27,194	9 0
Cash and bills	37,354	14 4
Advances on the Company's policies	66,444	1 5
Agents' balances	16,566	7 5
Sundry accounts	5,563	19 11
Value (1857) of assurance premiums	2,466,771	15 9
	£3,993,334	1 10

respected Chairman; and he had therefore the greatest pleasure in seconding the motion for its adoption.

The resolution was then put and carried unanimously amid general applause.

Mr. Thomas Allen, the retiring Auditor, was re-elected.

The CHAIRMAN then announced that the business which the Directors had to bring before the meeting was closed.

Mr. CHERRIN said he hoped before the meeting separated they would join him in doing an act of common justice. (Hear, hear.) He begged to propose a vote of thanks to the Directors, who had that day presented so gratifying and so satisfactory a Report. (Cheers.) Nothing had struck him more forcibly, as a participating assured, than the statement that the per-centage upon the non-participating policies was sufficient to meet the whole of the expenses of the establishment; and that, in fact, the assured under the higher rate of premiums would receive back the whole of their money without any deduction whatever for expenses. (Cheers.) He had very great pleasure in moving a vote of thanks to the Chairman and Directors. (Applause.)

The motion, having been seconded, was carried with great unanimity; and the thanks of the meeting having been in like manner given to the Medical Officers, Dr. Seth Thompson, Mr. Saner, and Mr. Cooke; to the Auditors, Mr. Thomas Allen and Mr. William Henry Smith, Jun.; and to the Actuary, the meeting separated.

The Trustees and Directors of the Company are now as follows, viz.:—

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Lord Bateman.	Richard Harman Lloyd, Esq.
Robert Cheere, Esq.	William James Maxwell, Esq.
Joseph Esdall, Esq.	Ralph Charles Price, Esq.
Charles Thomas Holcombe, Esq.	Hon. E. T. Yorke, M.P.

And other gentlemen.

DIRECTORS.

RALPH CHARLES PRICE, Esq., Chairman.	Joshua Lockwood, Esq.
CHARLES BISCHOFF, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.	James Murray, Esq.
Thomas Boddington, Esq.	Sir W. G. Ouseley, K.C.B. D.C.L.
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